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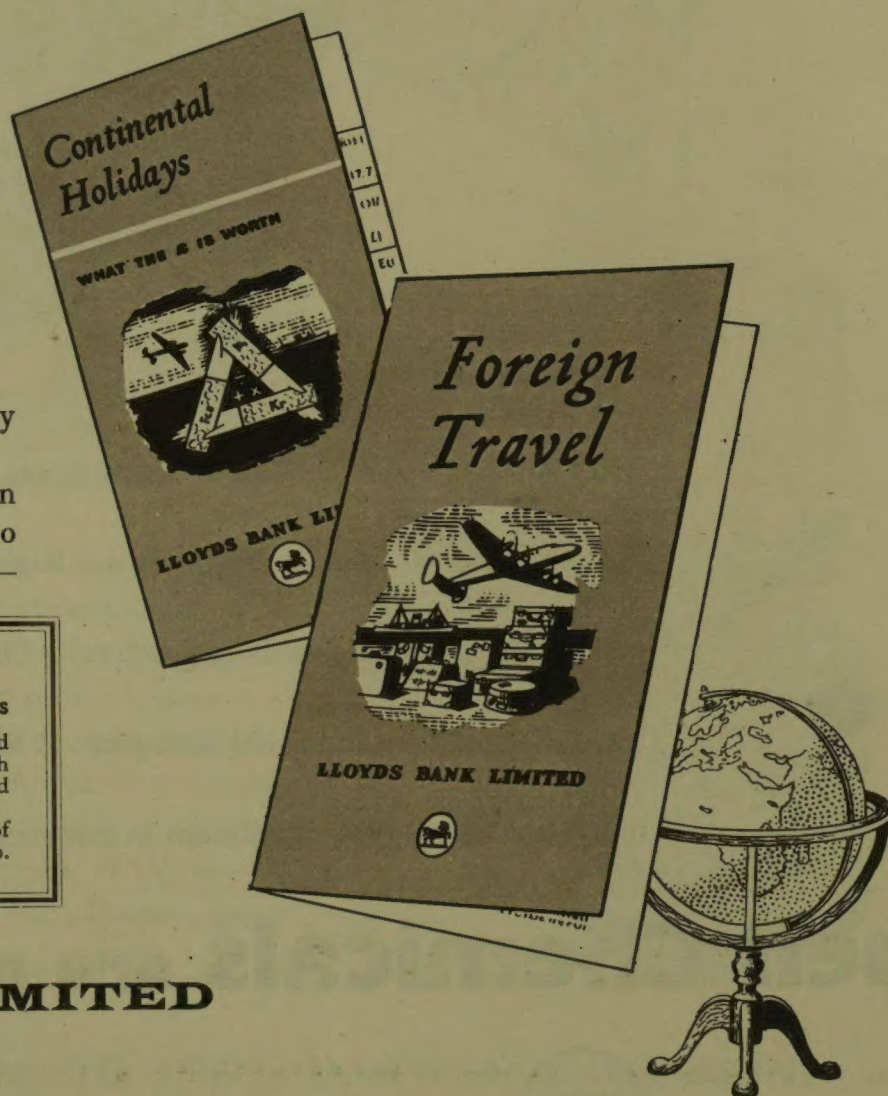
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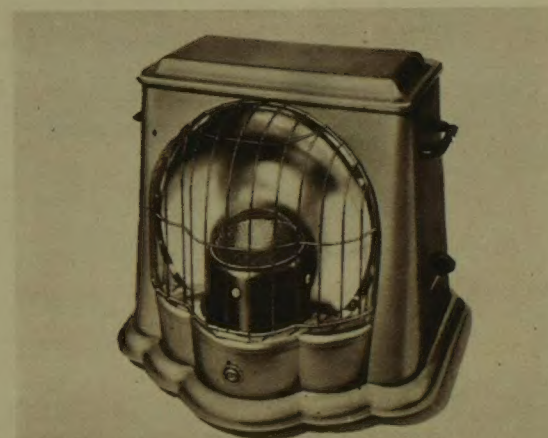
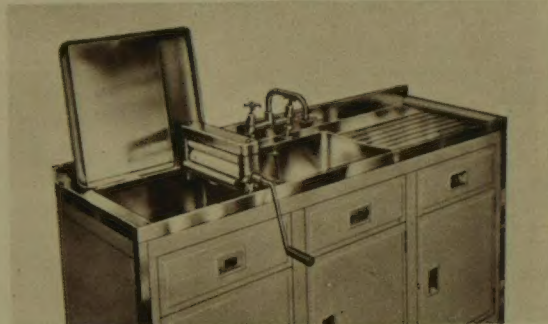
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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1957.



A BRITISH WORLD RECORD MILE : DEREK IBBOTSON BREASTING THE TAPE AT THE WHITE CITY AT THE END OF HIS 3 MINS. 57.2 SECS. MILE IN THE OUTSTANDING INTERNATIONAL INVITATION RACE ON JULY 19.

The international invitation mile race at the White City fulfilled every hope of being one of the most spectacular events in athletic history. Seven runners (four British, and one each from Ireland, Czechoslovakia and Poland) gathered at the start and four of these beat four minutes in the race—the first time that four men have ever done so. During the first two extremely fast laps M. T. Blagrove (Ealing Harriers) set the pace, and the half-mile was completed in 1 min. 55.8 secs. Blagrove faded after two and a half laps and S. Jungwirth, of Czechoslovakia, reluctantly led the field to come to the end of the third lap in 3 mins. Ibbotson was lying second at this stage, but with about 200 yards

to go he took the lead, and successfully shaking off the challenge of the other great runners in this race, he finished some yards ahead of the Irish Olympic champion, R. Delany, in a time of 3 mins. 57.2 secs.—a new world, European, British all-comers, national and English native record. Three years ago, at Oxford, Dr. Roger Bannister was the first man ever to run the four-minute mile, but soon afterwards J. M. Landy, of Australia, set up the world record of 3 mins. 58 secs., in a race in Finland. Though he usually runs in longer distances Derek Ibbotson has brought the record back to this country by running a perfect mile in face of outstanding international competition.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE trouble about inflation is twofold. It undermines private virtue by putting a penalty on thrift and foresight, and it undermines public virtue by impugning the Government's honour and casting doubt on the honesty of public men. That is why wholesale inflation, whatever its economic consequences, is always followed by social depravity and unrest and, not infrequently, by revolution. The classic example in our time was the sequel to the great German inflation after the First World War. That inflation was partly involuntary, partly a deliberate attempt to evade the intolerable burden of external debt imposed on the vanquished by revengeful and over-sanguine victors. Its consequences were the Nazi upsurge and the most diabolical Government and war of modern history. The lesser and consequential evil of the moral and military collapse of France in 1940 can be traced, if not so directly, to the same economic cause. Rapid depreciation of a nation's currency invariably leads to a rot, either temporary or permanent, in the body politic. A famous example in history is the decline of Imperial Spain in the seventeenth century. Another is the decline of Imperial Rome fourteen hundred years earlier.

It could happen here. It is, indeed, happening. The process of inflation in Great Britain since the war has been so gradual, though continuous, that people are only now beginning to realise its extent. What is even worse than its extent is its seeming inevitability. Whether under a Conservative Government or a Socialist, we have been proceeding steadily down the slippery slope that leads to monetary repudiation. Unless a halt to the process is called soon, the currency of Great Britain, and with it the reputation for honour of its Government in monetary matters, will have collapsed for the first time in our history. Our political pamphleteers will then be able to talk about "guilty men" with a vengeance. And, as there will be plenty of these on both sides of the House, the credit of our Parliamentary institutions and rulers will be perilously impaired. For who, finding their savings gone and the State's promises to pay valueless, will trust them? That is precisely what happened in Germany in the 'twenties and why Hitler rose to power.

I know there are many arguments in favour of what is called gradual inflation. The rigidity of an over-burdensome public debt-service—a millstone round the neck of producer and taxpayer—can only be relieved by a relative lightening of debt and debt-charges compared with the nation's productive and earning capacity. After the Napoleonic Wars, for instance, the extent of the National Debt terrified our ancestors and acted for a time as a discouragement to incentive. But gradually the public indebtedness came to seem less and less formidable until by 1914, a century after the end of that earlier world war, the country felt no difficulty about meeting its obligation to its fund-holders. Yet in this case the amelioration—the greatest of its time in recorded history—was brought about by inflationary processes very little, and mainly by an enormous increase in mechanical production. The Victorians, once the post-war malaise of the two previous reigns was over, were models of financial probity. A second industrial or technological

revolution may come to our rescue as it came to theirs, but it will only do so if we and our rulers display an equal moral integrity to theirs and a similar desire to honour their fiscal obligations. Such inflation as took place in Britain during the nineteenth century was little more than the ordinary age-long decline in the value of money—an almost imperceptible process which in the course of time has made the prices of the distant past seem almost fantastically low to those who look back on them. The twopence which the Good Samaritan gave to the innkeeper in the sixteenth-century version of the Gospel story for the robbed victim's night's lodging would not have sufficed for even the least exacting hostelry a couple of centuries later.

So in a collection of Tudor, Stuart and Georgian family letters which I have transcribed, the father in each successive generation rebukes his undergraduate son for his failure to live within the allowance which the former had enjoyed in his

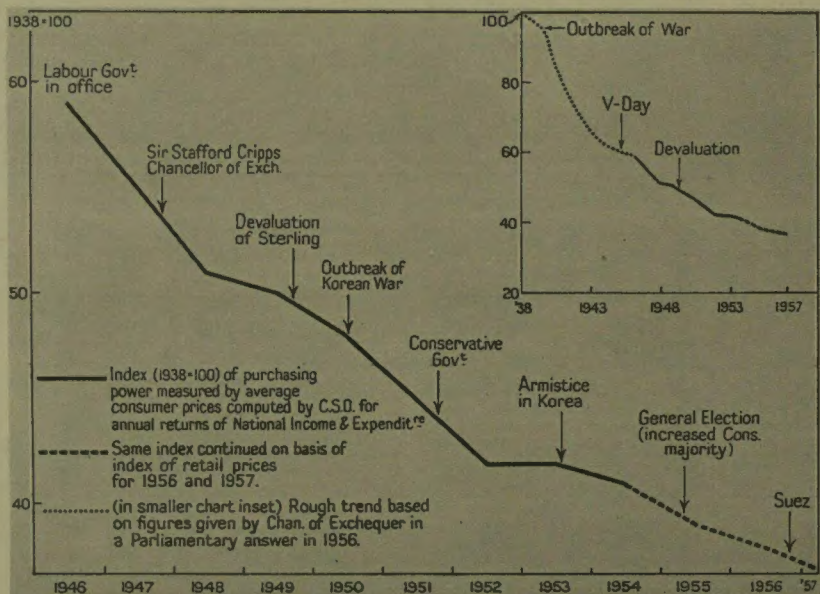
State and other long-term borrowers. As the responsibility for such repudiation will be that of the rulers of the State, the long-unbroken cohesion of our national society will in such an event be shattered and fatally. In the delicate position in which we stand—an over-populated island that cannot provide more than a moiety of its food and raw materials—the consequences may be even graver.

I cannot believe that after nearly a thousand years of political and social continuity, this nation will prove so barren in statesmanship as to let such a disaster befall it. It threatened us once before, in the debasement of the currency that occurred in the fifteenth century. Then it was met by the superb statesmanship and strong moral grasp of Queen Elizabeth and her advisers who, reaching back to the frugal and far-sighted policy of her grandfather, the seventh Henry, restored the faith of the English people in the monetary mechanism on which the sanctity of contracts and the rewards of honest labour depended.

All the triumphs of the Elizabethan Age, like that of the Victorian Age three centuries later, rested on that homely foundation and would have been impossible without it. This is not to say that the economy of England under the last and greatest Tudor was unadventurous; aided by an adventurous increase in the supply of precious metals from the New World, it was expansionary in the true sense of growing trade and production while remaining financially stable and honest, thanks to the firmness and moral soundness of Elizabethan and Cecilian policy—strange how that honoured name still stands after 400 years as a symbol of integrity! Though our problems are far more complex than those of sixteenth-century England, it still lies within the power of our rulers and ourselves to initiate and sustain a similar policy. We have got to promote and maintain an expanding economy—and the technical instruments for our doing so are to hand—and, in order to achieve this, to ensure a steady and prudently controlled expansion of purchasing power, the essential prerequisite, in a free society, for setting the wheels of productive industry to work. It was our failure to realise

this in the 1920's and '30's, before we all became followers of Keynes, that led to the absurdity of simultaneous mass unemployment and poverty in the midst of the idle machines that could have made both employment and wealth.

Yet an expanding monetary system can never initiate expanding production unless the men and women who use it are assured that, if they earn and save money, that money will be honoured at its face value. The incentive to save or earn a pound that in ten years' time will only be worth ten shillings is only a 50 per cent. incentive, and, if there is not even the certainty that it will be worth that, it will be only a gambler's incentive at the best. And gamblers are seldom notable for either hard work or frugality, and a nation of gamblers invariably ends in being a nation of idlers and beggars. The problem we are facing is clear for all now to see; the challenge a decisive one. If the Government, if the Chancellor, if Parliament can face and answer it, they will go down to history among the great. If they fail, they and we alike will suffer both tribulation and shame and deserve to do so.



THE PROGRESS OF THE POUND: IN DETAIL, SINCE THE END OF THE WAR; AND (INSET) THE ROUGH TREND SINCE 1938. A CHART TO ILLUSTRATE SIR ARTHUR BRYANT'S REMARKS ON INFLATION.

In his article on this page Sir Arthur Bryant writes: "The progress of inflation in Great Britain since the war has been so gradual, though continuous, that people are only now beginning to realise its extent. . . . Whether under a Conservative Government or a Socialist, we have been proceeding steadily down the slippery slope that leads to monetary repudiation." And on July 10 the Chancellor of the Exchequer said in a public speech: "If a nation pays itself 7 per cent. more for doing no more work, as happened last year, price increases will follow as night follows upon day. No economic or Governmental magic, no system of controls, can stop that progress."

Diagram reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."

own University days, overlooking the fact that the value of money had slightly but inexorably fallen in the past thirty years. The English kings in their struggle against Parliament in the seventeenth century suffered from the same inability of their critics to realise that money no longer went as far as it had done in their parents' or grandparents' time; both Charles I and Charles II were repeatedly admonished by indignant taxpayers in the House of Commons to "live on their own"—that is, on the revenues voted by earlier legislators to their predecessors, and not to be constantly begging Parliament for more.

The inflation which Britain has been going through since the outbreak of, and even more, since the end of the last war, is not of this, what one might call, organic kind. It is a far more serious and disruptive matter. If it is not checked—and only a constructive plan that can be accepted by both the main Parliamentary parties and resolute action can check it—it will result, inevitably, and possibly far more rapidly than anyone at present realises, in the virtual repudiation of every financial obligation incurred by the



# THE LAST JOURNEY OF A GREAT MUSLIM LEADER: FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE LATE AGA KHAN.



(Left.)  
LEAVING GENEVA  
FOR THE LATE  
AGA KHAN'S  
FUNERAL AT AS-  
WAN: (L. TO R.)  
PRINCE ALY KHAN;  
THE NEW AGA  
KHAN, FORMERLY  
PRINCE KARIM;  
THE BEGUM AGA  
KHAN, AND ISMAILI  
MUSLIM LEADERS  
AT THE AIRPORT.



(Right.)  
THE FLOWER-  
COVERED COFFIN  
OF THE AGA KHAN  
AT CAIRO AIRPORT  
AFTER ITS AR-  
RIVAL FROM  
GENEVA. IT WAS  
FLOWN ON FROM  
CAIRO TO ASWAN  
IN ANOTHER AIR-  
CRAFT.

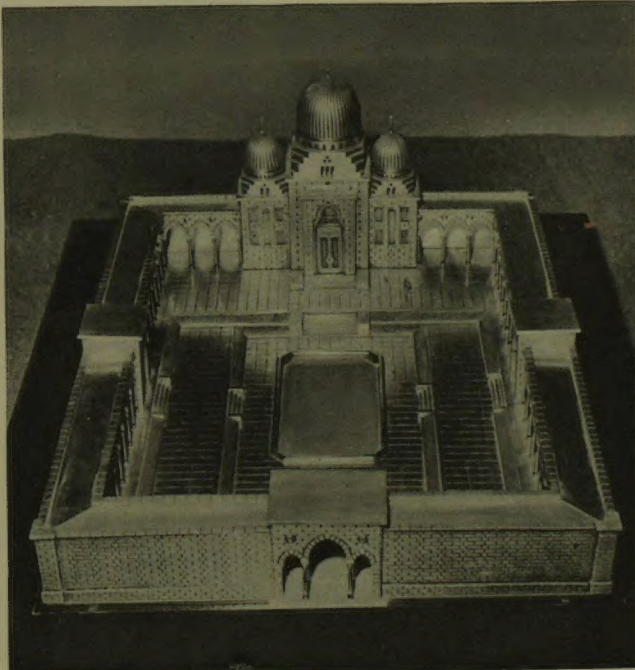
ON July 17 the triple coffin containing the body of the late Aga Khan was taken by air in a chartered aircraft of Swissair from Geneva to Cairo; and was accompanied by Prince Karim, the new Imam, who is to be known as the Aga Khan IV; the Begum Aga Khan; Prince Aly Khan, the new Imam's father; and a group of Ismaili leaders. Prince Sadruddin and Ameen, the new Imam's brother, left for Cairo in another aircraft. At Cairo the following day the coffin was transferred to an Egyptian aircraft and flown to Aswan. There it was ferried in a barge across the Nile to the white-domed family villa on the west bank. For the burial service on July 19 the villa was transformed into a mosque. About 500 of the Aga Khan's principal followers from at least thirteen different countries were present when the late Imam was laid to rest in a temporary tomb, pending the building of a mausoleum not far from the villa. Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, represented Great Britain at the funeral.



(Right.)  
NOUR-EL-SALLAM—"LIGHT OF  
PEACE"—THE WHITE-DOMED  
VILLA OF THE LATE AGA KHAN  
AT ASWAN, ON THE NILE.



DISCUSSING AT CAIRO THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR  
THE FUNERAL: (RIGHT) THE BEGUM AGA KHAN  
BENDING TO TALK WITH THE NEW AGA KHAN.



ONE OF THE DESIGNS FOR THE PERMANENT MAUSOLEUM FOR THE AGA KHAN, WHICH IS TO BE BUILT ON THE CLIFFS OVERLOOKING THE NILE AT ASWAN.



DURING THE BREAK IN THE JOURNEY AT CAIRO:  
AN ISMAILI LEADER KISSES THE HANDS OF THE  
NEW AGA KHAN.



## SHAKESPEARE AT POLESDEN LACY: THE BUS AND COVENT GARDEN STRIKES.



AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP LONDON'S GREENSTUFFS MOVING : OFFICE WORKERS OF THE AFFECTED FIRMS AT COVENT GARDEN HANDLING VEGETABLES.

(Above.) NORMALLY CROWDED WITH VEGETABLE AND FRUIT LORRIES AND BUSY PORTERS : ONE OF THE STREETS OF COVENT GARDEN DURING THE OPENING DAYS OF THE STRIKE.

On July 15 confusion started in Covent Garden market over an arbitration award on redeployment of labour in the market. The award was accepted by employers and by the Transport and General Workers' Union. The latter, however, were not prepared to co-operate in working the award; and as a result about 1600 porters and pitchers struck against the award; and on July 20 the strike spread to four other London markets.

(Right.) THE NATIONAL TRUST AS THEATRICAL IMPRESARIOS : A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V" PERFORMED BY AN AMATEUR COMPANY AND PRESENTED IN THE GROUNDS OF POLESDEN LACEY, SURREY, ON JULY 19-20.



NORMALLY CROWDED WITH COACHES AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS : THE VICTORIA COACH STATION ON JULY 20, ALMOST DESERTED AS A RESULT OF THE PROVINCIAL BUS STRIKE, AFFECTING PRIVATE COMPANIES.

At midnight on July 19-20 some 100,000 busmen employed by private companies in all parts of England, Wales and Scotland came out on strike at the height of the holiday season, the unions having refused to co-operate in arbitration proceedings and to call off the strike. The dispute is over wage increases, the unions demanding a £1 a week increase.



INTENDING COACH TRAVELLERS, QUEUEING TO TRAVEL BY TRAIN SERVICES INSTEAD, TO THE SOUTH COAST, WHEN THE STRIKE OF PROVINCIAL BUS COMPANIES' EMPLOYEES CAME INTO ACTION.



## THE CENTRE OF AN OMAN RISING—WHERE BRITISH HELP HAS BEEN SOUGHT.



(Above.) INSIDE NAZWA, THE CENTRE OF THE RECENT REVOLT. ON THE BATTLEMENTS IS THE FLAG OF THE SULTAN.

(Inset, Right.) THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN, H.H. SAID BIN TAIMUR, WHO ASKED FOR BRITISH HELP.



ARTILLERY OF THE MUSCAT AND OMAN FIELD FORCE SEEN OUTSIDE A NAZWA FORT DURING THE REVOLT OF LATE 1955.



THE SULTAN'S FIELD FORCE APPROACHING THE MASSIVE PRINCIPAL NAZWA FORT, FROM WHICH THE IMAM ESCAPED DURING THE PREVIOUS RISING.

It will be recalled that late in 1955 a tribal rising, led by the Imam of Oman and his brother Talib in the distant and little known Arabian Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, was quickly put down by the British-officered levies of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman; and the photographs that we reproduce above on this page were taken during that swift campaign. It was learnt on July 20 that trouble had again broken out in the same area round Nazwa (or Nizwa), and with the same leaders, the Imam and his brother, and that the rebels had



A BREN GUN OF THE SULTAN'S FORCES BESIDE AN ANCIENT CANNON OF THE IMAM'S FORT AT NAZWA, DURING THE 1955 CAMPAIGN.

gained temporary control of a considerable area. The area is wild and thinly inhabited, but is not far from the important oasis of Buraimi and from the oil drillings of the Iraq Petroleum Company at Fahud; and it would seem that the insurgents on this occasion have more backing and armaments; and on July 22 it was learnt that the Sultan had asked for British assistance and that the British Government had agreed to meet his request. British troops from Kenya were being flown in; and others at Bahrein moved to Sharjah.



ALL our wars have been quickly followed by reductions in the strength of the Army, which has in some instances almost disappeared. The case of the Second World War was exceptional. Conscription was maintained. Just to begin with, the "run-down" created rather chaotic conditions, but the reorganisation brought into being a strong and well-equipped force within a relatively short time. The circumstances were unusual. A wartime ally of overwhelming strength in land forces displayed a hostile spirit which looked as though it might at any moment develop into active aggression. The Korean War confirmed the anxiety which its conduct had aroused. Free nations banded themselves together in a great pact, followed by smaller ones, for united self-defence. Britain felt bound to play a worthy part in these events.

The reductions were, however, only postponed. They are not confined to British military strength. Among the motives are the rising costs of equipment, the weakness of British currency caused by over-spending, and the inherent desire of politicians to spend money on schemes more popular than that of defence. There is no injustice in saying that the cuts now being put into operation must, at best, be marked with a note of interrogation or that they have worried the Government's military advisers. Yet this is not the whole story. It would be unjust to leave it here.

I find two points in particular which deserve to be studied. In the first place, it is not simply a question of cutting. Another reorganisation was in any case due, and it pointed to the advantage of a professional army, which would, *ipso facto*, have to be smaller because so much more costly per head. We are now not merely entering upon a phase of retrenchment, but undertaking to rearm, retrain and render more mobile the British Army. And when one comes to consider the reductions now announced, one is struck by the relative tenderness for front-line fighting forces. Sir Winston Churchill has been urging the shortening of "the tail" since he orated on the subject as a battalion commander on leave in the First World War. It has been done now with a vengeance, perhaps to a risky extent. But the solution adopted must be given a mark for boldness and imagination.

The cavalry was cut in the period between the wars, but has been lucky to survive to the extent which has been the case. It might have been abolished except for the Household troops, but it was, in fact, allowed an equal share with the Royal Tank Regiment in the Royal Armoured Corps. Unfortunately, this corps does not yet know its fate in detail. Reductions here, as elsewhere, are being carried out in two phases, but in this case Phase II has not been worked out. In Phase I the Royal Armoured Corps will be reduced by six regiments, three in each wing. That is to say, three pairs of cavalry regiments and three pairs of regiments of the Royal Tank Regiment will be amalgamated in this phase.

It is impossible to deal in detail with all arms. I want to make my way as soon as possible to the infantry, which presented the planners with the most difficult problems. The Royal Artillery, sharply cut since 1950, drops by a further eighteen

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE AXE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

major field units as well as minor ones in Phase I. I note that units with "honour titles" will be retained on principle and for the rest seniority will be the basis. My mind goes back to a little group of retired gunner-scholars, one, Major A. F. Becke, a close personal friend, who toiled, sometimes for years, with no reward but a sense of duty, to trace the parentage of batteries or troops mauled out of recognition by successive generations

entitled brigades, of four or three battalions with a combined depot for recruits.

The factors that have been chiefly taken into account in deciding upon which is to survive and which to pass away as a unit are those of self-support—the best recruiters survive in practically all cases—and the representation of counties. As one glances through the list one feels that some regiments have been lucky in this latter respect. Foreexample, the Fusilier Brigade, with three battalions, passes over the guns without dropping a feather, whereas the unlucky East Anglian Brigade, with six, has to make three amalgamations. It is not all order of merit, for who ever heard of the Suffolks putting a foot wrong?

The Green Jackets Brigade is as fortunate as the Fusiliers, though two of its three regiments have no nominal county connection.

Yet it cannot be doubted that the work has been done carefully, honestly, and with regard for the feelings of those concerned. There is a lot more to be done on a smaller scale which the general public would never realise. What, for example, happens to colours on amalgamation? It is easier to decide what happens to funds, but even this requires thought. What happens to dress? One innovation which will cause some surprise is that of brigade cap badges. The suspicious may look on it as the thin end of the wedge. If you make the brigade the administrative and recruiting unit and add a certain family prestige, it would be only a short step towards converting it into the Continental three-battalion regiment. This, however, is mere speculation.

It should be noted that battalions of the Territorial Army will be unaffected by these latest changes, except that, where regiments amalgamate, the Territorial battalions will be affiliated to the new amalgamated regiments. Of regular troops the young Parachute Regiment is untouched. Its recruiting is good, and it would be folly to tamper with it after the proofs of its worth displayed at Port Said. In small affairs it looks as though the combination of aircraft-carrier and parachute battalion had excellent possibilities. The Women's Royal Army Corps does not come within the scope of the present reorganisation. We are told that the need for this corps has become greater than before.

An editor announced the other day that the secret of successful journalism was controversy. On that basis this article ought to be angry and argumentative on one side or the other, probably hostile to the scheme. I see no demand for rhetoric. I think the General Staff and the Army Council have made the best of a job which they do not altogether care for, and I do not feel altogether happy about it myself. I am quite sure, however, there is a great future before the Army still. That involves other matters which could not be tackled in this article, including the prospects of recruiting for a Regular Army, the future of officers, warrant officers, and sergeants remaining in the service, becoming redundant, and now entering the service. They have been discussed during the past year, but should be examined again now that information about them is available. That I hope to do.



DURING HIS VISIT TO ST. DUNSTON'S COLLEGE, CATFORD, ON JULY 20: FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN ACCOMPANIED BY THE HEADMASTER, MR. W. R. HECKER (RIGHT), INSPECTING A MECHANICAL MODEL.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery attended the Speech Day ceremonies at St. Dunstan's College, Catford, on July 20. After luncheon with the Governors of the School, which originated in the City parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-East and was refounded at Catford in 1888, Lord Montgomery displayed the assembled School. He then opened the newly-built library and laboratories, and inspected various displays on the School Field, where he saw many aspects of the School's strong contingent of the Combined Cadet Force.

of staff officers. They would have been happy to foresee the practical value of their work. In the Royal Engineers the total reduction is 15,000. Here, too, squadrons with historical associations will not disappear, but some will become either training squadrons or static units.

Various schemes for the reduction of the infantry were examined before it was concluded that compulsory amalgamation was the best, except in the case of the Foot Guards, who preferred, and were permitted, that of "suspended animation." The 3rd Coldstream Guards passes into that state in the first phase, the 3rd Grenadier Guards in the second. The Infantry of the Line will be reduced in the two phases from 64 to 49 battalions. This will involve the amalgamation by pairs of 30, to form 15 new regiments. The reorganised infantry regiments will form groups



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA. LED BY AN INFRA-RED HOMING SYSTEM ON TO THE HEAT EMITTED BY ITS VICTIM, THE FIRESTREAK CLOSES ON A PILOTLESS JINDIVIK.

(Above.)

WOOMERA, AUSTRALIA. A FIRESTREAK AIR-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON LEAVES A SABRE EN ROUTE FOR ITS TARGET DURING RECENT TESTS.

On June 27 the Australian Minister for Supply revealed that during two years of tests at Woomera a very successful series of "kills" on Jindivik pilotless "drone" targets had been made by de Havilland Firestreak air-to-air guided weapons; and we are now able to publish these vivid photographs of a "kill" in progress. Firestreak guided weapons are to be fitted to English Electric P.1 and Gloster Javelin aircraft, the Firestreak forming a formidable defence against air attack.

(Right.)

AVIGNON, FRANCE. THE WRECKAGE OF THE VENTIMIGLIA-PARIS EXPRESS, CROWDED WITH HOLIDAY-MAKERS—IN WHICH SOME TWENTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED. Early on the morning of July 19 the Ventimiglia-Paris express was derailed just north of Avignon, after being mistakenly diverted to a siding when travelling at about 55 m.p.h. Among some twenty people killed were a British honeymoon couple and there were a number of British passengers among the sixty injured. The boiler of the locomotive exploded in the crash and jets of escaping steam entered a sleeping-coach, causing the death of many and also the severe injuries of a considerable number of the passengers.



KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA. WHERE THE INDEPENDENCE OF MALAYA WILL BE PROCLAIMED ON AUGUST 31: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MERDEKA STADIUM AT KUALA LUMPUR, WHICH IS DUE FOR OPENING ON THE PREVIOUS DAY.



PARIS. A BURST OF FIREWORKS OVER THE SEINE AT THE CLIMAX DURING THE "AUSTERITY" BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS ON JULY 14, WHICH WERE MARRED BY AN INCIDENT IN AN ALGERIAN QUARTER, ONE ALGERIAN BEING SHOT DEAD.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.) CALIFORNIA: "THE FIVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD": (L. TO R.) "MISS CUBA"; "MISS ENGLAND"; "MISS PERU" AND "MISS UNIVERSE"; "MISS BRAZIL"; AND "MISS GERMANY."

(Right.) AFTER HER SELECTION AS "MISS UNIVERSE" ON JULY 19: MISS GLADYS ZENDER, OF PERU.

The "Miss Universe, 1957," contest at Long Beach, California, was beset with difficulties. "Miss U.S.A." was disqualified because she was in fact married. The ultimate winner, "Miss Peru," was found to be under age, but was not disqualified. Miss Sonja Hamilton, placed third as "Miss England," disclosed that she was really Miss Cynthia Cooper, with parents in Australia. Beauty has its complications!



YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA. SUCCESSFULLY EXPLODED ON THE SECOND ATTEMPT: A VIEW OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE "DIABLO" ATOMIC DEVICE ON JULY 15. At the end of June the atomic device "Diablo"—one of those being tested in the current series of atomic tests at Yucca Flats, Nevada, U.S., failed to explode because of a power failure. This device was successfully exploded on July 15.



PIRÆUS, GREECE. AFTER A SERIOUS EXPLOSION IN PIRÆUS, THE PORT OF ATHENS: A VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE FOR EXPLOSIVES, WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED. THERE WAS WIDESPREAD DAMAGE BUT ONLY A FEW MINOR CASUALTIES WERE REPORTED.



PERSIA. TYPICAL OF THE SCENES FOUND IN THE PATH OF THE DISASTROUS PERSIAN EARTHQUAKE, WHICH STRUCK ON JULY 1: A RUINED MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.



PERSIA. INSPECTING THE DAMAGE IN A VILLAGE NEAR ZIRAB: THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND HIS WIFE BEING WELCOMED WITH BURNING INCENSE BY A WOMAN WHOSE HOME WAS DESTROYED.

It now appears that the early reports of the casualties caused by the severe earthquake, which struck many towns and villages in the Caspian Sea region of Persia at the beginning of this month, were somewhat exaggerated. The death-roll has now been estimated at about 1000. The serious damage has caused havoc in a wide area, and relief supplies have been sent to Persia from many countries.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Above.)

SPAIN. WITH SOME OF HIS COLLEAGUES AT SARAGOSSA MILITARY ACADEMY: LANCE-SERGEANT PRINCE JUAN CARLOS (CENTRE), NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE PRETENDER TO THE SPANISH THRONE. HE IS A GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

ON July 15 the Spanish Parliament was officially informed that the monarchy will be restored to Spain on the death or withdrawal from power of General Franco, who is sixty-four years old and has been in power for twenty years. Prince Juan Carlos, nineteen-year-old son of Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish Throne, and grandson of the last monarch, King Alfonso, is expected to be General Franco's choice as King. At the time of writing there is still, however, no certainty about General Franco's final plans, and the situation was further complicated when, on July 18, Don Juan was reported to have told a reporter in Lausanne that he would never give up his claim to the throne in favour of his son, and that "when the monarchy is restored, the succession will naturally be mine." In 1955 Prince Juan

[Continued below, centre.]



A PROUD MILITARY FIGURE CARRYING HIS UNIT'S STANDARD: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS RIDING IN A PARADE AT SARAGOSSA, WHERE HE IS AT THE END OF HIS TWO-YEAR COURSE.



(Continued.)

Carlos went to Spain to continue his education, and the rousing reception he received on arrival in Madrid confirmed the popularity of the House of Bourbon. The Prince is now at the end of his two years at the famous Military Academy at Saragossa, and was to receive his commission on July 13. He will now attend at Naval and Air Force training establishments.

(Left.)

SOLVING A KNOTTY MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM: THE PRINCE (RIGHT), WHO IS A VERY KEEN MATHEMATICIAN, WITH ONE OF HIS INSTRUCTORS.



A SPANIARD THROUGH AND THROUGH: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS TAKING A DRINK OF WINE FROM A LEATHER BOTTLE IN THE TRUE SPANISH WAY, WHICH IS FAR FROM EASY TO MASTER. THE PRINCE HAS BEEN CONTINUING HIS EDUCATION IN SPAIN SINCE JANUARY, 1955.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



EGYPT. THE FIRST BRITISH WARSHIP TO PASS THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL THIS YEAR: THE FRIGATE *LOCH KILLISPORT*, EN ROUTE FROM ADEN TO MALTA.

On July 14 the frigate *Loch Killisport* completed transit through the Suez Canal. She is the first British warship to do so since the Anglo-French landings in Egypt last year. The toll of £371 was paid under protest, and none of the crew landed at Suez. *Loch Killisport* was sailing from Aden to Malta.



GERMANY. DEAD FISH IN THE RIVER MAIN AT FRANKFURT. THE FISH ARE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY HEAT WAVES, A LOW WATER LEVEL IN THE RIVER AND INCREASED CONTAMINATION FROM INDUSTRIAL WASTE.



SPAIN. AN EXCITING FEATURE OF THE FESTIVAL OF ST. FIRMIN IN PAMPLONA: FIGHTING YOUNG BULLS WITH PADDED HORNS AFTER A CHARGE THROUGH THE STREETS.

An exciting and dangerous form of bullfight known as *el encierro* is a feature of the annual July festival of St. Firmin at Pamplona. Young bulls, whose horns have been padded, are let loose in the streets where many feats of daring are performed by young, amateur *toreros*.



SPAIN. ANOTHER SCENE DURING THE FESTIVAL OF ST. FIRMIN AT PAMPLONA: BULLS AND THE CROWD CRUSHED TOGETHER AT THE BULL-RING ENTRANCE.



PACIFIC OCEAN. A MIRACULOUS RESCUE: SECOND OFFICER DOUGLAS WARDROP BEING PICKED UP BY A BOAT FROM *BRITISH MONARCH* NINE HOURS AFTER FALLING OVERBOARD LAST MONTH.

On June 9 Second Officer Douglas Wardrop fell overboard from his ship, *British Monarch*, as it sailed across the Pacific towards Japan. He was not missed until 3½ hours later, when the ship turned and sailed about 100 miles along its former course before finding and rescuing the lost man. Mr. Wardrop spent nine hours in the sea and had the company of a turtle and an electric eel, which repeatedly gave him shocks.



PACIFIC OCEAN. NINE HOURS AFTER HE HAD FALLEN OVERBOARD IN MID-PACIFIC: SECOND OFFICER WARDROP IS HAULED BACK ON TO HIS SHIP



## A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. BROWNING.

"THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING": By GARDNER B. TAPLIN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MRS. BROWNING died nearly a hundred years ago, yet "new material" concerning her is constantly coming to light, and, even after a century, the publishers of Mr. Taplin's "Life" can quite justifiably claim that "this book is by far the most comprehensive study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning yet published, and no previous biography has had the benefit of so much information, both published and unpublished." It may seem strange, after all this time: but it isn't strange really. When she died very little was known about her personally, except to her few intimate friends in England and Italy, though there was great admiration and affection amongst the many eminent persons with whom the pair dined on their occasional returns to their native country. She had led a secluded life for many years: first in that darkened room in Wimpole Street, in which her despotic father would have liked to incarcerate her to death, and then abroad, in France and Italy, where she was always out

*Literary Messenger* called her "The Shakespeare among her sex," and was convinced that among all the poems written by women of all eras and nations, there was "absolutely nothing which deserves to be compared for a moment with the marvellous effusions of this poet." "Mrs. Browning," the author went on, "has planted her feet on the mountains of Immortality, and stands glorified with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and Shelley—that august circle of laurelled bards whose names will go down in music through the echoing aisles of the future."

All that, probably, was written because of the protests against social evils in "Aurora Leigh" and such passionate verses as "The Cry of the Children." There are always critics who demand from poets either novels or political tracts, regarding poets as story-tellers with a bias or party-propagandists. "Sunt sua fata libelli": I happen to have read "Aurora Leigh" this year before I

ever dreamt that I should be called upon to mention it again in print. It was a melodramatic novel in verse. England, Italy, and the Shropshire countryside were involved, and warmly described. Every sort of social evil of the time was faced, so far as a recluse could face it. The parenthetical preachings were more than adequate; the landscapes were beautiful; the story was utterly silly; and with what was I left?

I was left with a sense of the utter nobility of the author. She had heard about the woes of the world, and especially of those of women, at second hand. She was roused, as she was about the woes of Italy and Poland. So she had to speak out. I simply didn't think of her as a poet but as a woman of the Florence Nightingale and Josephine Butler type.

And that was how the reviewers regarded her in her day. "Aurora Leigh," though it sold in a way that no book of Robert Browning's sold until he was old or dead, was damned in heaps: it was alleged that, because it acknowledged that such things as prostitution and unmarried mothersexisted,

it was unfit to be seen by any decent Englishwoman: one woman of sixty is quoted as having said that she feared it might corrupt her morals:

The documents about this incomparable pair—the only two considerable poets who have ever, to our knowledge, married each other, are emerging bit by bit. I don't know who Sappho's husband was, if any: if she had one he very likely said to her, "I can't see why you're so keen on this poetry of yours; what good does it do to anybody?" I don't know who Catullus's wife was (if he ever had one, which I doubt), but I can hear her saying: "Here are you pottering about with silly little lines about Lesbia's Sparrow and your brother's death, when you might be getting on, getting on." That sort of conflict never occurred in the Browning household. They were both united in the belief that poetry was the finest flower on the tree of life. They differed, in a way. She wanted to use her music for preaching; he was not so earnest about that, or so dead certain as she was about ephemeral causes and people, especially Napoleon III.

In her day she was famous: of that he was glad and cared nothing of his own reputation.

After she was dead "Browning Societies" sprang up in various places: they were "Robert Browning Societies," not "Elizabeth Browning Societies."

He was immeasurably the greater poet: but in her lifetime he would not admit it. No woman, poet or not, ever had a more loyal lover. Once more, reading this book, I have been humbled by the thought that these two loyal people were better than I. Such trials, such tribulations: and then, in the end, R.B. facing many solitary years and never dreaming of replacing the Lost One.

This is a first-class book. Owing to the "relatives" putting up "Pen" Browning's family archives at auction, the papers are scattered all over the place. Amongst the people whom



ROBERT BROWNING, WHO MARRIED ELIZABETH IN 1846.

The portraits of Elizabeth and Robert Browning are from paintings by Michele Gordigiani, both published by permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

of sight of English critics and often out of sight of her nearest neighbours.

The result was that her obituary notices were entirely devoted to her works. Mr. Taplin has been at pains—and he has throughout been at great and commendable pains—to search the periodicals of England and America for the things which were said about her after her death—and pretty extravagant they sound to our ears. The *Spectator* said that "she had been one of the very few truly creative minds of whom England could still boast—one who in poetic gifts ranked far above all her countrywomen." The *Edinburgh Review* said, "Such a combination of the finest genius and the choicest results of cultivation and wide-ranging studies has never before been seen in any woman, nor is the world likely to see the same again." Turning to the American sheets, Mr. Taplin finds higher praise still. One of them, G. W. Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine*, believed that she was "not only a singer but a hearty, active worker in her way, understanding her time, and trying, as she could, to help it." The *Southern*



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, 1806-1861.

This portrait and that of Robert Browning are reproduced from "The Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.

Mr. Taplin thanks are "the staff of the Charles Elihu Slocum Library of Ohio Wesleyan University, for copying out marginalia in the books in its possession formerly owned by Mrs. Browning."

There are people who may resent that. I don't. The more of our archives go to America the better I shall be pleased. The atom bomb is here and the U.S.A. is large. There has been a controversy in *The Times* of late between old friends of mine as to whether we shouldn't ban the export of fine pictures from here to America. For myself, who had, before the Blitz, certain charming Italian pictures, I cannot help believing in Free Trade in such matters. And when it comes to manuscripts it seems to me that Mrs. Browning's letters will be relatively safer in a Wesleyan Library in America than anywhere in London. I speak as one who was bombed several times and lost everything I possessed.

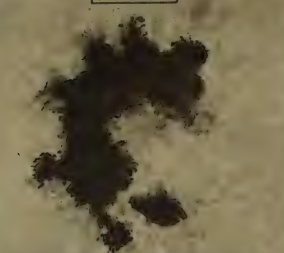
But the world is going so oddly to-day that I am not sure that even an igloo is the answer.

\* "The Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." By Gardner B. Taplin. Illustrated. (John Murray; 42s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 168 of this issue



## SUN SPOTS.



SUN SPOTS APPEAR VERY MUCH DARKER THAN THE GLARING DISC OF THE SUN. THIS IS CAUSED BY THE LOWER TEMPERATURE OF THE SPOTS' 4500 DEG. (CENT) COMPARED WITH THE 6000 DEG. (CENT) TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN.

SUN SPOTS PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE SOLAR TELESCOPE OF THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY ON JULY 26, 1957.



THE SUN SPOTS USUALLY HAVE A MAXIMUM FREQUENCY EVERY 11 YEARS.



THE SUN IS 864,000 MILES IN DIAMETER, COMPARED WITH THE 7,926 MILES DIAMETER OF THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR. THE SUN ROTATES ONCE IN 27 DAYS.



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN SPOTS AND BRIGHT HYDROGEN FLOCCULI TAKEN AT THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.



ALTHOUGH THE SUN IS 92,900,000 MILES DISTANT FROM THE EARTH LIGHT RAYS FROM THE SUN ONLY TAKE 8 MINUTES TO REACH US.

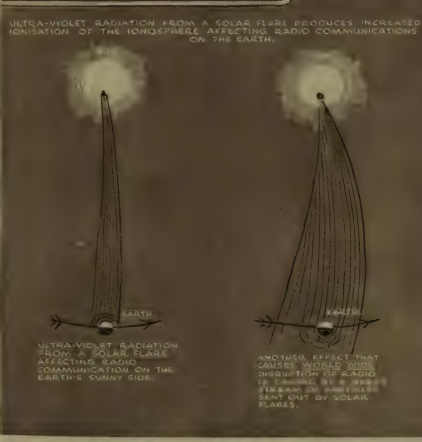
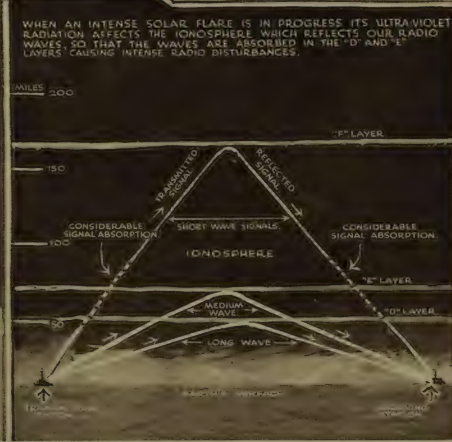
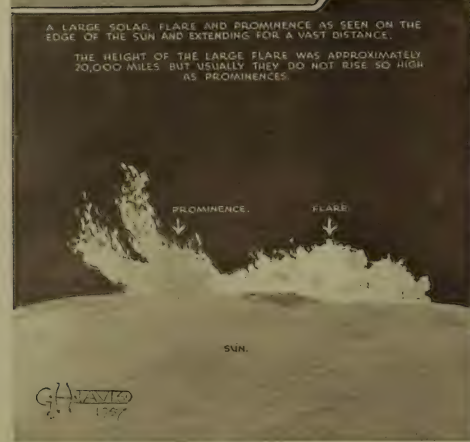


A LARGE SOLAR FLARE AND PROMINENCE AS SEEN ON THE EDGE OF THE SUN AND EXTENDING FOR A VAST DISTANCE. THE HEIGHT OF THE LARGE FLARE WAS APPROXIMATELY 20,000 MILES BUT USUALLY THEY DO NOT RISE SO HIGH AS PROMINENCES.

WHEN AN INTENSE SOLAR FLARE IS IN PROGRESS ITS ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION AFFECTS THE IONOSPHERE WHICH REFLECTS OUR RADIO WAVES, SO THAT THE WAVES ARE ABSORBED IN THE "D" AND "E" LAYERS CAUSING INTENSE RADIO DISTURBANCES.

ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION FROM A SOLAR FLARE PRODUCES INCREASED IONIZATION OF THE IONOSPHERE AFFECTING RADIO COMMUNICATIONS ON THE EARTH.

UP TO ONE HUNDRED SOLAR FLARES ARE OBSERVABLE EACH DAY AT THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.



## FROM SUNSPOTS TO THE AURORA: THE MYSTERIES OF THE SUN WHICH ARE BEING STUDIED

During the International Geophysical Year scientists hope to learn more about the sun's influence on the earth, many aspects of which are still shrouded in mystery. The I.G.Y. has been arranged to coincide with one of the sun's periods of maximum activity, which take place about every eleven years, and this will greatly assist scientific studies. An additional advantage will be the fact that observations will be made from all parts of the world and information gathered will be available to all the countries taking part in this great scientific

combined operation. Sunspots are mysterious solar phenomena which are among the things which will be closely studied. They are patches on the sun's surface, often many thousands of miles in diameter, which are cooler and appear less bright than surrounding areas. They last from a few hours to many months and appear most frequently during a "peak period" which recurs about every eleven years. The clouds of bright hydrogen associated with sunspots and known as flocculi, may suddenly develop bright patches, termed

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation

## BY SCIENTISTS IN MANY COUNTRIES DURING THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR.

flares, which last about half an hour. Incandescent hydrogen also produces on the sun's surface the effect known as a prominence, an example of which is illustrated. Following the occurrence of a flare various effects are noticed on the earth. Long-distance radio transmissions are affected, there are magnetic effects, affecting compasses by up to about 5 degrees, and the aurora borealis—and its equivalent in the southern hemisphere—appears in the night sky. These disturbances are caused both by wave radiation and by streams of

charged particles from the flare; the radiation effects occur about 10 minutes after the flare, the particle effects about 30 hours later. It has been found that some of these solar particles are identical with certain cosmic rays. The sun is believed to be the cause of another type of magnetic storm. This type recurs every twenty-seven days, the period of the sun's rotation relative to the earth. The radio waves which are emitted from the sun are also to be studied. Unusual activity will receive simultaneous world-wide study.

of the Royal Greenwich Observatory, Herstmonceux Castle, Sussex.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT is difficult to understand why those lovely flowers the watsonias are so seldom grown in English gardens. True they hover on the borderline of hardiness, but in

this they are no more at fault than the innumerable races and varieties of gladiolus which seem to become more popular every year. For sheer, showy brilliance the watsonias cannot begin to compete with the gladiolus, but they have a tall, slender grace which the majority of the gladioli lack. A few varieties of watsonia are to be found in some bulb catalogues, but how very seldom are these lovely things to be seen growing in our gardens! I must confess that I am a backslider with the majority in this matter. I have from time to time grown two or three of the watsonias, under glass, and have found them easy to manage, and delightful for cutting for the house. But I have no real personal and extensive experience with them to offer. In the more softly-favoured parts of the country, the South-West of England and the West of Scotland, they may be grown in the open air, and there they form fine permanent clumps, with their sword-shaped leaves, tall, slender, wiry stems, and spikes of blossom like lesser gladioli. Rather more than fifty years ago I met watsonias growing wild at the Cape, always in rather swampy places. In the South of England they may be grown successfully in sheltered borders, in light, fairly rich soil, with a little peat added. A narrow border at the foot of a south wall is the sort of position usually recommended.

But apart from such specialised climates and positions, the most satisfactory way to grow watsonias is, surely, planted out in a frame, or in a bed in the unheated greenhouse. During any spells of exceptionally severe winter weather, it would be safest to protect with mats laid on the frame lights. But after the turn of the year plenty of air should be given, and then it would be safe to remove the lights altogether by about May. The bed at the back of a lean-to unheated greenhouse is an excellent place in which to grow watsonias, and it is in such a bed, facing south, that I have what is probably the loveliest of all the watsonia family growing and flowering now. This is the white-flowered *Watsonia ardernei*. A wiry stem which had run up to between 3 and 4 ft. opened three blossoms yesterday. Cut, and standing in water in the house, it has since opened three more, and there are six more buds still to open on the main central spike; whilst just below this central spike are two small side branches carrying another seven buds between them. Each trumpet-shaped blossom has a slender, curved white tube 3 ins. long,

## THE WATSONIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and opens out into a broad saucer over 2 ins. across. The whole flower is snow-white, even to the anthers, and of an exceptionally beautiful quality and texture. All six of the open flowers are still in perfectly fresh condition, and it will be interesting to note how many more blossoms will open before the lowermost ones begin to crumple and fade. This wonderful watsonia is an exceptionally beautiful

cut-flower, with a slender, wiry grace and lightness, in spite of the fine size of its blossoms, which, to my mind, places it far ahead of the majority of the over-heavy and over-gaudy gladioli.

The description of the plant in the "R.H.S.

Dictionary of Gardening" describes the inflorescence as "profusely branched," but this specimen of mine has merely the two small short side-branches springing from just below the main spike. Perhaps when my plant becomes better established and stronger it will develop the profuse branching—though I hope it won't. I like the simplicity of the gracefully-curved spike as it is.

The history of *Watsonia ardernei* is interesting. A single clump of it was discovered about 1886 in the Tulbagh district of the Cape Province of South Africa, and has never been found again. The plant has lived under several aliases since then. Among them *Watsonia meriana ardernei*, *W. rosea ardernei*, *W. alba*, and *W. iridifolia o'brieni*. Personally, I would have thought that it was an albino variety of perhaps *W. meriana* or *W. rosea*. But calling it just *W. ardernei* seems to suggest that it is regarded as a distinct species, and not merely a white-flowered form of some species. Whatever the truth of the matter may be, the discovery of this grand plant was a stroke of extreme good fortune.

There appear to be some sixty species of watsonia, and, in addition to this, a number of fine hybrids have been raised, and undoubtedly there is scope for much further work in raising still other and finer sorts. They should, by careful breeding, crossing, and selecting, be capable of as great development as has been accomplished among the gladioli. But it is to be hoped that the tall, slender grace of the watsonias that we already have will be retained.

But what a pity it is that watsonias are so little known and grown in this country. Almost every one who has seen my *Watsonia ardernei* has exclaimed "What a lovely thing! What is it?" I strongly advise amateur gardeners to invest in a few watsonia corms next year. The corms are very like gladiolus corms, but, on the whole, smaller, and they are not expensive. Buy a few of as many sorts as you can get hold of—and that will not be a great many—and plant them out either in a frame, or in a border in the cold greenhouse. You will not regret it, especially if you plant some of the exquisite *W. ardernei*. I would suggest an extra planting of this, a dozen corms at least.



A GROUP OF WHITE WATSONIAS FLOWERING IN THE OPEN—A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THEIR GRACE AND HABIT.

Watsonias are little—too little—grown in this country; and very infrequently illustrated. The naming of watsonias is somewhat confused; and it is not claimed that this is *W. ardernei*, but simply a white watsonia. Greater knowledge would come with greater familiarity; and Mr. Elliott recommends gardeners to "buy a few of as many sorts as you can get hold of . . . and plant them out either in a frame, or in a border in the cold greenhouse."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

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## CELEBRATING ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY: REPTON SCHOOL.



OFTEN ALIVE WITH BOYS GOING TO THEIR VARIOUS HOUSES, WHICH LIE IN ALL PARTS OF THE VILLAGE: THE MAIN STREET OF REPTON VILLAGE.



SHOWING ONE OF THE MANY LOVELY GARDENS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF REPTON: THE VIEW FROM THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE TO THE CHURCH.

The 400th anniversary of Repton School, in Derbyshire, which was founded in 1557 by Sir John Port, has already been marked by the visit of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on March 28. (This was reported on page 549 in our issue of April 6, while a series of photographs of the school was published in our issue of March 2.) Now, at the end of the Summer Term, this notable occasion in the history of the School is being marked by four days of celebrations, which were to open on July 25

with a series of events mainly for the residents of the villages of Repton and Etwall. There was to be a service in Etwall Church, during which the Head Prefect was to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Founder of the School, Sir John Port, who was a substantial landowner in Etwall. The School forms an integral part of Repton village and the residents were to have many varied opportunities to share in the quatercentenary celebrations, including a Cricket Match, a Dance and a Torchlight Display.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*





CELEBRATING ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY: REPTON SCHOOL—THE VIEW THROUGH THE PILLARS OF HERCULES INTO THE SCHOOL YARD WITH THE ARCH AT THE FAR END.

Six performances of "A Masque of Schollers," an entertainment devised by Eric Maschwitz (Old Reptonian), depicting scenes from the history of the School, were included in the programme for the four days of celebrations at Repton School, from July 25-28. One of the scenes in the Masque recounts the great legal battle in the 1650's between the Thackers and the School. It was Gilbert Thacker who sold the land and buildings for the School to Sir John Port, and his descendants, still living in the manor house

immediately adjoining the School, found that the "multitude of schollers" was far from conducive to their peace and quiet. Another bone of contention, apparently, was the then Headmaster's cow, which preferred to graze in the squire's courtyard rather than in its owner's. The end of this protracted battle was an agreement that a wall should be built to mark the boundary between the School's courtyard and the squire's. The pair of ornamental pillars, seen here in Dennis Flanders' drawing, were built to mark

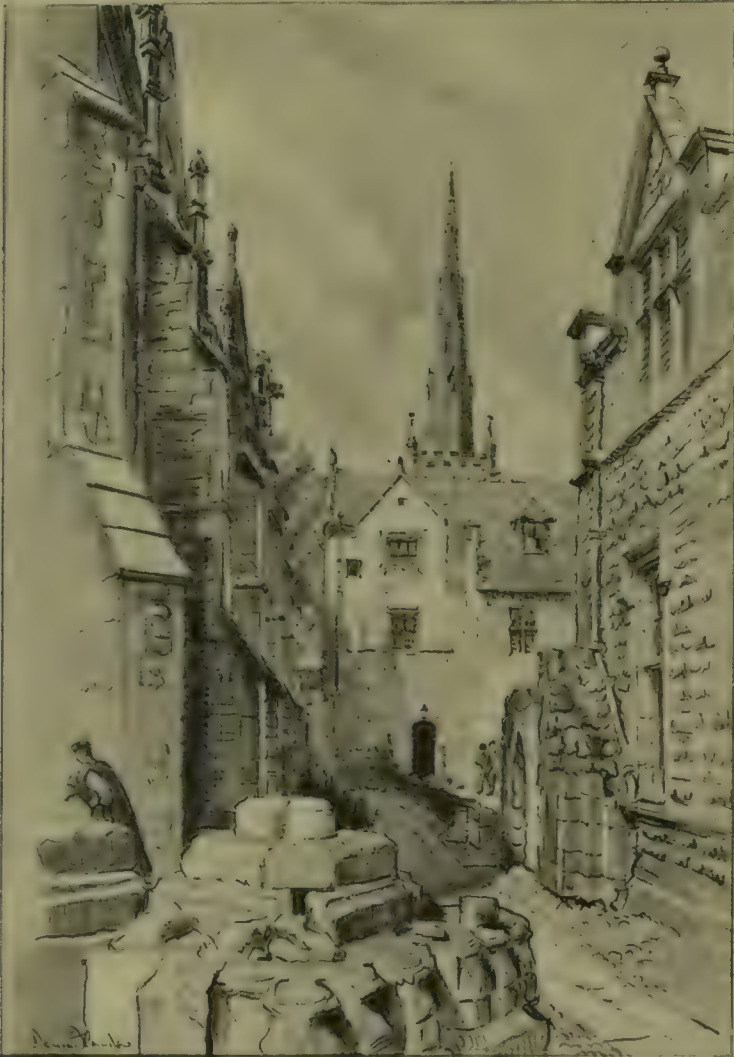
the gateway through this wall, and soon came to be known as The Pillars of Hercules. The second day of the celebrations was to be set aside for the parents of the present boys, and the programme included a cricket match between the First XI and The Pilgrims, a Prize Distribution, a Dance and a Torchlight Display. On the following two days the programme, arranged for the Old Reptonians, included the continuation of the cricket match, speeches, performances of the Masque, and a Thanksgiving and Commemoration

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*

Service in the School Chapel, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and with a sermon by the Archbishop of York (O.R.). On the Sunday (July 28), the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Chairman of the Governors and former Headmaster, will also lay the foundation-stone of the new Memorial Hall, which is to form part of the new Precinct, the gates of which, erected to the memory of the late Lord Kinderley, an Old Reptonian, were opened by H.M. the Queen during her visit to the School in March.



## IN ITS QUATERCENTENARY YEAR: REPTON SCHOOL—NOTABLE FEATURES.



AT THE CENTRE OF REPTON SCHOOL: A VIEW INTO THE CLOISTER GARTH WITH PEARS SCHOOL ON THE LEFT AND THE PRIORY BEYOND.

IN the 400 years of its existence Repton School has made many and varied additions to the Priory buildings in which it began. Thus building work which can be dated to every century from the tenth to the twentieth may be seen from the School Yard. To-day Repton is again making plans for further extensive developments and the quatercentenary has been marked by the laying out of the new Precinct to the south-west of the School Yard. As well as the Memorial Hall, which is being built to the design of Marshall Sisson, F.R.I.B.A., it is proposed to build new chemistry laboratories and workshops in this area. Old Reptonians and other Friends of Repton have contributed over £100,000, and the Industrial Fund a further £17,000.



THE HEADMASTER'S SEAT IN THE OLD SCHOOLROOM: THE CANOPIED THRONE AT THE NORTH END OF THE LIBRARY.



BETWEEN CLASSES IN THE SCHOOL YARD—PEARS SCHOOL IS ON THE RIGHT, THE PRIORY IN THE CENTRE, THE PARISH CHURCH ON THE LEFT.  
Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



## THE QUEEN MOTHER IN RHODESIA: LAST DAYS OF A MOST SUCCESSFUL TOUR.



AT A RACE MEETING DURING HER LAST DAY IN THE FEDERATION: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE MASHONALAND TURF CLUB, NEAR SALISBURY.



IN THE GARDEN OF SALISBURY'S GOVERNMENT HOUSE: HER MAJESTY PRESENTING WINGS TO A CADET OF THE ROYAL RHODESIAN AIR FORCE.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW RHODES NATIONAL GALLERY IN SALISBURY ON JULY 16: THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKING ROUND THE IMPORTANT LOAN EXHIBITION.

ON July 12 H.M. the Queen Mother, in the second week of her two-week visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, arrived in Zomba, the capital of Nyasaland. On the following day she attended the State Baraza for Chiefs at the Zomba Gymkhana Club ground, where, after receiving a rousing ovation on arrival, she shook hands with 135 Nyasaland Chiefs. That afternoon her Majesty attended a military parade on the same ground and presented new colours to the 1st (Nyasaland) Battalion, The King's African Rifles. On July 15 the Queen Mother flew back to Salisbury, which she had left ten days earlier. Her Majesty's last day in the Federation (July 16) started with the presentation of wings to cadets of the Royal Rhodesian Air Force. Then the Queen Mother drove to the new Rhodes National Gallery, where she performed the opening ceremony. In the evening a State banquet was followed by a reception for Federal Members of Parliament and their wives. At 11.30 p.m. the last crowded day of this successful tour came to an end when her Majesty's aircraft took off from Salisbury Airport at the start of the journey home.



A RADIANT FIGURE AT THE STATE BARAZA AT ZOMBA, NYASALAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER SHAKING HANDS WITH ONE OF THE 135 CHIEFS.



ON HIS WAY TO THE STATE BARAZA AT ZOMBA ON JULY 13: ONE OF THE NYASALAND CHIEFS IN HIS UNUSUAL ONE-WHEELED CONVEYANCE.





ONE morning Colnaghi's, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet, opened a show of Hogarth prints. That same evening, by an odd chance, I was in the Council Room of the Foundling Hospital listening to a splendid semi-amateur performance of Handel's "Deborah," drums, trumpets, chorus and all. At the head of the staircase was Hogarth's "Captain Coram"—surely among the half-dozen finest English portraits—and as heartily eupeptic and uncomplicated as the music. It occurred to me that to begin to understand the mid-eighteenth century in all its mingled brutality and idealism three preliminary disciplines are necessary: you must read Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones," listen to a fair amount of Handel, and look at all you can of Hogarth, a cocky, cantankerous, fidgety individualist who yet manages to be oddly endearing. I believe that now, nearly 200 years after his death in 1764, we are in a better position to see him in the round than were all but very few of his contemporaries. This is not because we are in any way wiser or because any new facts about his life have been unearthed, but because, in his heyday, his fame rested almost wholly upon the long series of popular prints at a shilling each in which he drew attention to the vices and follies of the times, and not upon his paintings. These pungent moralising sermons, which succeed one another like scenes in a melodrama, seem a trifle remote to-day because, in spite of Teddy boys, race-gangs and other brutalities, we are, on the whole, a better behaved lot; but though they may appear to us over-naïve, we might as well admit that they were beautifully adjusted to their purpose and did, in fact, do a great deal of good.

What we are able to see so much better than his contemporaries is Hogarth's stature as an artist rather than as a satirist and sermoniser—the paintings in The National Gallery and the Sir John Soane Museum, and some of those rare little enchantments such as a young girl with her dog in a landscape which a minor painter like Gawen Hamilton used to imitate without transferring to his own brush their special magic. None the less, it is uncommonly interesting to have as many as sixty-six of the engravings on view in a single gallery—I don't think anyone has bothered to arrange such a show within living memory—and to spend time examining them closely—and closely it must be if you are to savour fully their rough bouquet, for they are all crammed with detail; Hogarth must have had a prodigious visual memory. If we consider them solely as pictures without a moral we shall probably notice that by far the most impressive are the six of the series of "Marriage à la Mode," mainly because he has not filled the whole area at his disposal with figures.

His mind seems to have worked in what is to us a curiously meticulous manner: we have rather lost the habit of peering into pictures, whereas the multitudes who paid their shillings for these prints would probably have felt cheated if every detail had not been, in some way, relevant to the story. Perhaps this can be illustrated by No. 2

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### HOGARTH PRINTS.

of "The Rake's Progress" as well as by any; many of the references would be immediately obvious at the time. The hero is surrounded by all sorts of people offering their services. The figure at the harpsichord is thought to be intended for Handel; the fencing master is Dubois, killed by an Irishman of the same name in 1734 in a duel; next to him is James Figg, a well-known

a French horn expert and, on one knee, a jockey holding a racing trophy (a large monteith bowl). There are pictures of two fighting cocks on the wall to show that cock-fighting, as well as horse-racing, is one of his indulgences, and between them a "Judgment of Paris," hinting delicately at other interests. A gaggle of tailors, poets, etc., waits in the background, and the long scroll dangling down from the chair of the harpsichord player records "A list of the rich presents Signor Farinelli [the Italian singer] condescended to accept of ye English Nobility and Gentry for one night's performance of the opera of Artaxerxes." I doubt whether many of us are likely to be converted to plain living and high thinking as a result of all this.

In one print, that of "Paul before Felix," designed deliberately as a burlesque of Rembrandt, he shows himself at his most insular and impertinent. "Designed and etched," he inscribes on it, "in the ridiculous manner of Rembrandt." Not even Ruskin a century later was more obtuse. Paul, whose face is a burlesque of the engraver Luke Sullivan, stands on a stool—a winged imp is busily sawing away one leg while an angel on the other side has fallen asleep. To what deplorable depths of prejudice can indubitably great painters sometimes descend; equally, to what heights of noble indignation, as in the series "The Four Stages of Cruelty," of which Hogarth said: "The prints were engraved with the hope of in some degree correcting the barbarous treatment of animals the very sight of which renders the streets of our Metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind. If they have that effect and check the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author, than I should be of having painted Raphael's Cartoons."

He was not exempt from criticism—indeed, by his attacks upon most people except himself, invited it—and the exhibition contains one amusing example perpetrated by—of all unlikely people—young Paul Sandby. It is an elaborate skit on his style, and goes to some pains by means of lengthy underlines to explain the details: this sort of thing:

1. An insect inspiring ye painter with Vanity.
3. Old prints from whence he steals Figures for his Design.
8. Lives of all the best painters torn to pieces for his window-blind.

Beneath all this are three delightful little street scenes.

Like many of us, Hogarth was good-humoured enough when making fun of others; he was not specially amused when others made fun of him. His reaction to this particular piece of criticism has not been recorded. None the less, for all his limitations a fine artist and an essentially generous soul; a much better painter than satirist, but, then, satire rarely preserves its pungency beyond its generation, while good painting can render any man immortal. At the concert I enjoyed so much, the part of Jael was omitted on the ground that she was the most detestable woman in history. I can think of several worse, including Delilah. Neither Handel nor Hogarth would have understood this curious example of twentieth-century squeamishness, and perhaps this underlines the gulf which exists between our age and theirs.



"THE BURLESQUE BURLESQUED, 1753," A SATIRE BY PAUL SANDBY OF HOGARTH AND HIS INSPIRATIONS WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764), CONTINUING AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, 14, OLD BOND STREET, UNTIL JULY 31.

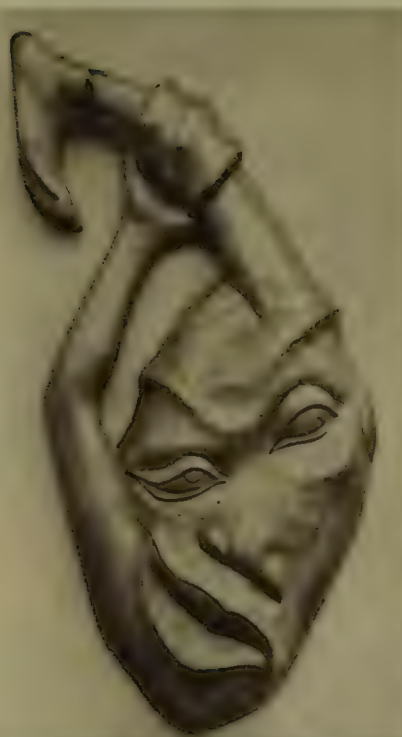


A FINE EXAMPLE OF A FAMOUS HOGARTH ENGRAVING: THE SECOND PLATE IN "THE RAKE'S PROGRESS" SERIES, WHICH FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES IN HIS ARTICLE ON THE EXHIBITION OF HOGARTH ENGRAVINGS AT COLNAGHI'S.

prize-fighter; then comes a dancing master (always a figure of fun), and behind him Bridgeman, the landscape gardener, holding out a plan; next a tough guy offering his services as a tame thug,



## IN THE BENIN TRADITION: FELIX IDUBOR'S SCULPTURE SEEN IN LONDON.



"A BENIN MAGICIAN AND HERBALIST": A WALL MASK IN THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE BY FELIX IDUBOR AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. (Black afara : height, 18 ins.)

FELIX IDUBOR was born in Benin City, in the western region of Nigeria, in 1928, the eldest son of an Edo farmer. At the age of eight Idubor began to carve, and since he was twelve he has been earning his living by his carving. He has received little formal education, and until he came to Europe this year no artistic training. The forty or so pieces which Felix Idubor is showing in his most interesting exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, which continues until July 28, prove convincingly that he is an artist with exceptional and consistent natural talents. He is an impressive and likeable man with a sincere belief in his

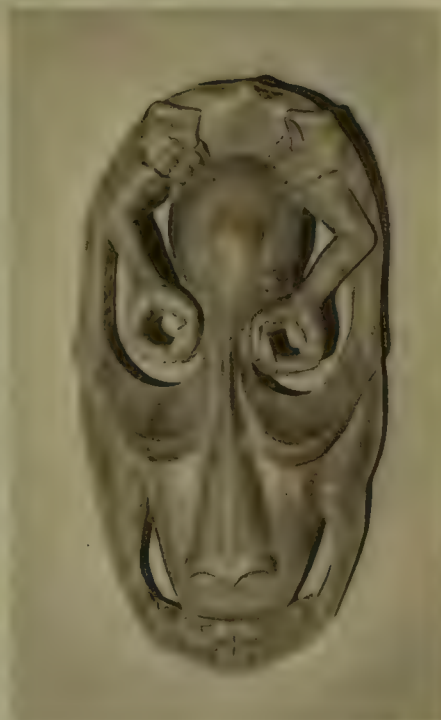
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AT THE OPENING OF HIS EXHIBITION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: THE GIFTED YOUNG NIGERIAN SCULPTOR, FELIX IDUBOR, WITH ONE OF HIS PIECES.

Continued.]

art and in the traditions from which it has developed, and it is to be hoped that his contact with Western sculpture will not divert him from the more fitting path of native Benin sculpture which he has so far followed with such success. Idubor works entirely from memory and without preliminary sketches. He is a skilled carver, making the fullest use of the grain and texture of his woods. Last year he was awarded a U.N.E.S.C.O. Travelling Scholarship to study in Britain and Europe. Since coming to this country he has received instruction at the Royal College of Art, and has again proved his natural gifts by the sensitive strength of his modelling.



"A DREAM": A POWERFUL MASK FOR WHICH THE INSPIRATION CAME TO IDUBOR "IN A DREAM AFTER A HARD DAY'S JOB." (Opepe : height, 19 ins.)



"A DRUMMER": A LIVELY PIECE WHICH ILLUSTRATES IDUBOR'S SKILFUL AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE GRAIN OF THE WOOD. (Brown king ebony : height, 18 ins.)



"OBA EWUAKPE OF BENIN": THE MODEL FOR A LIFE-SIZED SCULPTURE ILLUSTRATING THE STORY OF THIS OBA WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO BENIN CITY. (Plaster of Paris : height, 18 ins.)



"EWUARE OGIDIGAN": A STRIKING CARVING IN THE BENIN TRADITION OF ONE OF BENIN'S GREATEST RULERS. (Seasoned black and white ebony : height, 24 ins.)



"HAUSA GROUNDNUT FARMER RESTING": A CONVINCINGLY-POSED SCULPTURE. (Black and white ebony : height, 18 ins.)



"WALL MASK": A PIECE CARVED IN OBECHIE WOOD, THE WEST AFRICAN MAHOGANY. (Height, 20 ins.)



"OBOZEE, THE MAYORESS": A FORCEFUL CARVING ILLUSTRATING IDUBOR'S GREAT DEXTERITY WITH THE CHISEL. (Deep king ebony : height, 24 ins.)





# FROM THE COELACANTH TO THE SILVERFISH: LIVING FOSSILS—PREHISTORIC ANIMALS ALIVE TO THIS DAY, SEEN WITH SOME OF THEIR EXTINCT CONGENERS.

Living fossils are animals and plants that have survived their era, as if a group of Neanderthal men were suddenly seen at a meeting of the United Nations. Most living fossils are of smaller size than the relatives they have survived. Some, like platypus and echidna, are known only from living individuals, fossils of their relatives still remaining to be unearthed. The term "living fossil" was first applied by Darwin to the Ginkgo, or Maidenhair tree, a tree representing a species still continuing while all its congeners had become extinct. To-day the term is better known as it affects animals, but that is in the nature of things, for living fossils, like the stars of stage and screen, enjoy their heyday

of popularity and publicity before being superseded. One that is still fresh in mind, although its glamour shows signs of waning, is the coelacanth fish, *Latimeria*, which has been the centre of several dramatic events during the past twenty years. It must not be forgotten, however, that the lungfishes, whose survivors are now found in corners of Australia, Africa and South America, once enjoyed a similar popularity. The tuatara, also, had its share of the limelight, but by the process of time it has been shorn of its sparkling interest and has found its true niche in the annals of natural history, as a species contributing valuable information to the scientist but having now no great news

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

value. Not all living fossils have enjoyed even a momentary widespread popularity. The silverfish, a living fossil that honours us by its presence in our homes, is regarded as nothing more than a nuisance haunting the bread-bins. Yet its ancestry can be traced back 500,000,000 years. Springtails are in worse case, for, although equally ancient, they are known hardly at all outside the pages of the text-books. Another little-known living fossil deserving a greater popularity is the Stephens Island frog. It is the most archaic frog alive to-day, and is further remarkable for never living in water. Even its tadpoles develop within the eggs, which are laid under boulders where there is no running water.

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

The popularity of a particular living fossil does not depend upon its age. The kiwi's immediate relatives, the moas, have died out within historic times, while those of the king crab are best known from the coal measures. Nor does it depend upon size, or the extinct relatives of present-day sloths, the giant ground sloths, would be more familiar. Certainly it does not depend upon the information they afford to organised science. But, like the stars already mentioned, popular appeal hinges upon unpredictable, and often subsidiary, factors. The discovery of the first living coelacanth, for example, did not shake the world so much as Dr. J. L. B. Smith's dramatic air-dash to claim the second specimen.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT would be impossible to continue a weekly contribution of this kind without falling into error from time to time, and nobody is more conscious of this than I. It is appropriate to couple with this confession of guilt my gratitude to those who—almost without exception, in kindly phrases—write drawing attention to lapses. More especially am I grateful to Miss Fay Lennox, of Natal, South Africa, who at the end of March last wrote drawing attention to an error in No. 5 of the "Nature's Wonderland" series, which, I feel, is worth taking in some detail. Miss Lennox begins with the comforting words: "While I realise the difficulties involved in producing such a comprehensive series, I feel I should correct you on one point—not a very 'big' mistake on your part, I admit." That is, however, letting us off lightly.

In this No. 5 of the series the nyala was described as "confined to a limited area in South-West Africa, including a reserve in Zululand." At the end of the letter, Miss Lennox remarks: "I have never heard or read of nyala being found in S.W. Africa . . ." and more will be said later on this point, which may have made other South African readers wonder at Zululand being included in the south-west of the continent. Then my correspondent refers me to a quotation from "Wild Life in South Africa," by Lieut.-Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton (1947): "Until recently this species (*i.e.*, the Nyala: *Tragelaphus angasi*) was considered to be one of the most local, as well as in all probability one of the rarest antelopes in Africa; but recent discoveries have shown it to be far more widely spread, and to be a great deal more numerous within its habitats than had previously been believed . . . Nyala are, or were, numerous within the Zululand game reserves and extend through Portuguese East Africa, northwards as far as the Umpeluzi, and eastwards as far as the Maputa River. They have been found to exist in Gazaland and Inhambane districts, and extend north of the Zambezi into British Nyasaland, which is probably the extreme northern point."

In "Southern African Mammals," published in 1953, Ellerman, Morrison-Scott and Hayman give the distribution of the nyala in similar terms: "The Kruger National Park, Transvaal (districts of Punda Maria and Shingwedzi; very common at Pafuri, northwards from Punda Maria; sometimes known from the southern parts of the Reserve); Zululand (St. Lucia district and, according to Roberts, introduced into the Hluhluwe Game Reserve). Portuguese East Africa; Nyasaland." So although many nyala were, according to my information, exterminated by the veterinary authorities in Zululand outside the reserves, in the hope of getting rid of tsetse fly, the species appears to be still widespread and, in parts, plentiful.

There is always difficulty in keeping track of the current status of a species believed rare, as I have found recently in trying to assess the present position of the giant sable antelope. This is especially true of a species which has the habits of the nyala. According to C. J. P. Ionides, in "African Wild Life" for 1955 (Vol. 9, No. 3), these antelopes "might be surprised under . . . trees in the very early morning or late evening. Daylight hours were mostly spent in dense forest,

### NYALAS: A CORRECTION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

the males seeming to be much shyer than the females." The trees referred to are the *Kigelia* tree and the wild Tamarynd tree, and Ionides tells us that the nyala eat various leaves, fruits and flowers, and in September eat the fallen



THE MOUNTAIN NYALA OF ETHIOPIA, FIRST DISCOVERED IN 1908. IT IS LARGER THAN THE NYALA PROPER, HAS A SHORT COAT, INDISTINCT WHITE STRIPES AND MORE MAGNIFICENT HORNS.

the back to the tail and a mane of long soft hair, mostly black, along the belly to under the tail. The neck up to where it joins the shoulders is covered with long, soft iron-grey hair, and the body, iron-grey, is marked with a few narrow white stripes. There are white spots on the face, brown patches on the forehead and legs, and a white chevron. The horns are spiral, white-tipped, and have little more than one full turn. The females are smaller than the males, hornless and fox-red, but with the white spots and stripes.

The nyala was first described in 1849, and there is another species (*Tragelaphus buxtoni*), known as the mountain nyala, living in the mountains of Southern Abyssinia, at heights of about 9000 ft. Although closely related, its range is not continuous with that of the nyala, and it is quite different in appearance. It stands 4 ft. 5 ins. at the shoulder, against 3 ft. 4 ins. for the male nyala, has splendid open-spiralled horns up to 44 ins. along the curve, against 33 ins. for the nyala, and its coat is short-haired and a greyish-fawn, with indistinct white markings. The mountain nyala was discovered as recently as 1908, and, according to information received from another correspondent, writing from Ethiopia, it is quite numerous.

It seems also from the testimony of the authoritative writers extensively quoted here that the nyala itself is not the rare animal represented in No. 5 of the "Nature's Wonderland" series. For this, I must blame my own notes, which appear to belong to the era referred to in the opening words of Lieut.-Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton's quotation. Writing in 1947, as we have seen, he remarks that until recently it was "considered to be one of the most local as well as in all probability one of the rarest antelopes in Africa." Yet, although I find, when spurred to further searching by Miss Lennox's letters, that Guy Dollman wrote, in 1931, that ". . . it is confined to a comparatively small area in South-East Africa," Lydekker, in 1910, gave the nyala's range as "from Zululand to Nyasaland, and also reported to occur in Angola." There does seem, therefore, to have been a fair degree of uncertainty on the part of some other writers also.



NOW DISCOVERED TO BE LESS RARE THAN WAS BELIEVED: THE NYALA OF SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

This species has sometimes been described as rare, but discoveries in recent years show it to be widespread and, in places, not uncommon. It is considered one of the most handsome antelopes, and its characteristic features are the white mane along the back with long black hair forming a mane on the underparts; and the white stripes and spots on the face. The horns have a spiral turn. (Photographs by Neave Parker.)

flowers of the *Kigelia* and the fallen "nuts" of the Tamarynd.

The same writer describes the nyala as rather larger and sturdier than the lesser kudu and the most beautiful antelope he has ever seen. The male has a mane of long, soft white hair along

If, now, it may be assumed that honourable amends have been made for the inclusion of the nyala as a rare animal, perhaps we may turn to the other error, of speaking of its occurrence in South-West Africa, whereas, in fact, it is South-East Africa. It is often said of women that they never know right from left. This may be wholly libellous; my experience is that this failing, when it is present, is largely due to the fact that they do not particularly care whether a thing is to the left or the right. If, however, this is a feminine fault, an equally frequent masculine fault—or, at least, a fault of male authors—is to write "east" when they mean "west" and *vice versa*. This may sound to many like an exaggeration, but I can assure any such doubters that it is not. Although I have been, in the instance quoted, partly responsible for this error myself, it is not for want of having examples put before me. A friend of mine "collects" such errors and has from time to time regaled me with long lists of precisely this error to be found in authoritative works by eminent writers. In fact, it is truly surprising how often it occurs.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**EXCEEDING THE WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD:**  
MR. R. P. BEAMONT, OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY. It was revealed by the English Electric Company on July 17 that their P.1B fighter, piloted by Mr. Beamont, the Company's chief test pilot, had flown at speeds higher than the present world air speed record of 1132 m.p.h.



**BEATING THE WORLD RECORD HIGH JUMP:**  
YURI STEPANOV JUMPING AT LENINGRAD. In Leningrad, on July 13, Yuri Stepanov, of Russia, beat the world's record for the high jump, set by C. Dumas (U.S.), with a jump of roughly 7 ft. 1 in. This was about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. higher than the existing world record.



**LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER RECEIVING THE ACCOLADE: SIR FREDERICK PICKWORTH.**  
On July 16 Sir Frederick Pickworth received the accolade from the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Sir Frederick is Chairman of the English Steel Corporation Ltd., and is a Director of Vickers Ltd. and also holds other important positions in industry. He was created a Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours.



**OF NANGA PARBAT FAME:**  
THE LATE HERR H. BUHL. Herr Hermann Buhl, the Austrian mountaineer who conquered Nanga Parbat in the summer of 1953, lost his life on June 27 when he fell while trying to scale the Chequlsia Peak in the Baltoro region, as a member of the Austrian Karakoram expedition.



**A BRITISH MUSEUM APPOINTMENT: MR. K. B. GARDNER.** Mr. Kenneth Gardner has been appointed Keeper of the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts in the Museum in succession to Mr. J. Leveen, who has retired. This was announced on July 16. Mr. Gardner joined the Museum staff in 1955.



**SHARING A JOKE AT S.H.A.P.E. HEADQUARTERS, PARIS:**  
GENERAL GLUBB (RIGHT) WITH VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY. On July 17 Lieut.-General Sir John Glubb, the former commander of the Arab Legion, visited the S.H.A.P.E. Headquarters near Paris, where he met Viscount Montgomery, the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.



**WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: MR. J. R. C. LOVE, OF AYRSHIRE.**

Mr. J. R. C. Love, a member of the Kyle Rifle Club, which has only twelve members, won the coveted Queen's Prize at Bisley on July 20 with a score of 283 points. Mr. Love is a Scottish pit manager and is a member of a shooting family. By shooting magnificently on the 1000-yard mark Love gained a winning lead of three points.



**AFTER MEETING TO DISCUSS THE FATE OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: VIVIEN LEIGH WITH MR. F. FENSTON.** On July 18 Miss Vivien Leigh met Mr. Felix Fenston, whose associate company own the site on which the St. James's Theatre stands, to discuss the fate of the theatre, which is threatened with demolition.



**AN AMERICAN NOVELIST DIES:**  
MR. K. ROBERTS.

Mr. Kenneth Roberts, the American historical novelist, died on July 21 at his home in Maine. Mr. Roberts first made a reputation as a best-selling author with his novel "Rabble in Arms," published in 1933. It was his tenth book. From 1919 to 1937 he was with the *Saturday Evening Post*, for which he travelled extensively in America, Europe and Asia.



**A DYNASTY IN DANGER:**  
THE BEY OF TUNIS.

M. Bourguiba, the Tunisian Prime Minister, recently hinted at an early end of Beylical rule and an article in the paper of M. Bourguiba's party declared that Tunisia would shortly cease to be a monarchy. The dynasty has been ruling for two and a half centuries, and the present ruler became Bey in 1943. The Royal family is believed to be of Cretan origin.



**THE INCREASES IN POST OFFICE CHARGES:**  
MR. MARPLES, THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL. The increases in postal and telephone charges were announced in the House of Commons by Mr. Marples, the Postmaster-General, on July 18. The new rates come into force on October 1. The letter rate is now to be 3d. for 1 oz., with postcards 2½d. Other postal rates and some telephone charges are also increased.





(Above.)  
"CAPTURED ENEMY PERSONNEL": A DOG TAKEN BY AUSTRALIAN FORCES WHEN THEY RAIDED A COMMUNIST TERRORIST CAMP IN MALAYA.

"Little CEP"—from the initials of the phrase, "Captured Enemy Personnel"—is the name given to a dog captured by the Support Coy., 2nd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, when it raided a Communist terrorist camp recently in Malaya. The dog is a favourite of the men and has been made an unofficial member of their patrol and war-dog team.



MOVING HOUSE: 200 NATIVES MOVING A LARGE HUT BY HAND IN MALAYA. AS THEY CROSSED THE ROAD THEY DELAYED MEN OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT.

(Right.)  
AT THE INTERNATIONAL GIRL GUIDES' CAMP, BLAIR ATHOLL, PERTSHIRE: A GATHERING FOR A "CAMP-FIRE." THE CAMP IS PART OF THE BADEN-POWELL CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, visited the International Girl Guides' Camp at Blair Atholl, Perthshire, on July 17. The camp is part of the Baden-Powell Centenary celebrations.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: THE SCENE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRO-CATHEDRAL ON JULY 16.

Dr. John Carmel Heenan was enthroned as fifth Archbishop of Liverpool in the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral there on July 16. Dr. Heenan was formerly Bishop of Leeds. He succeeds Dr. Godfrey, translated to the Archbishopric of Westminster. A service of welcome was held on July 21 at the incomplete Metropolitan Cathedral.



BLESSING THE PEOPLE AFTER HIS ENTHRONEMENT AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL IN LIVERPOOL: THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP, DR. HEENAN.





SHOWING ITS GAPING AIR INTAKE AT THE NOSE AND ITS SWEEPED WINGS: A FRONT VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1A.



GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE LARGE SIZE OF THE P.1A: A MECHANIC WORKING ON THE AIRCRAFT. IT HAS TWO ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE ENGINES.



SEEN IN FLIGHT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1A, WHICH IS NOT ONLY VERY FAST BUT ALSO EXTREMELY MANOEUVRABLE.

#### THE PREDECESSOR OF A FIGHTER WHICH RECENTLY EXCEEDED THE WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1A.

On July 17 the English Electric Company announced that its P.1B fighter had flown at speeds higher than the present world air speed record of 1132 m.p.h. The aircraft was still accelerating when its pilot, Mr. R. P. Beamont, the Company's chief test pilot and flight operations manager, throttled back. The announcement was made when the earlier version of the aircraft, the P.1A, was being shown at close quarters for the first time to representatives of the Press at Warton, Lancashire. The P.1A, which was first seen at Farnborough three years ago, is powered by two Armstrong Siddeley *Sapphire* engines and the P.1B by two Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbo-jet engines which are said to give it 50 per cent. more thrust than the P.1A. In view of the performance of the P.1A, it is therefore thought that the P.1B will be a startlingly impressive aircraft.

The announcement about the P.1B's high speed was made following the statement in the recent White Paper on Defence that the P.1 was to be the R.A.F.'s last manned fighter. (The version which is to go into service with the R.A.F. is the P.1B.) Mr. Beamont described the P.1A as an aircraft "without vices, straightforward, and simple, even if it looks strange." He was sure the transfer from *Hunters* to P.1s in the R.A.F. would be accomplished without difficulty. Part of the equipment of the P.1 is a refrigeration unit for overcoming the heat caused by the high speed of the aircraft through the air. It has been pointed out that a number of aircraft, including the *Fairey FD2*, have for some time been able to exceed the world speed record in certain conditions. The speed attained by the P.1B was not given, for security reasons.

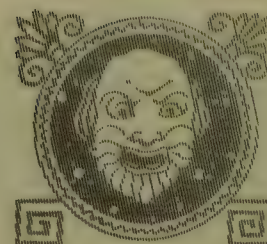




## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### PRACTICALLY ROUND THE WORLD.

By ALAN DENT.



EVERYBODY is tired of hearing all about "Around the World in 80 Days." There seems nothing left to do about Michael Todd's up-to-the-minute resuscitation of Jules Verne except to go and see it; and this is exactly what everybody appears to be doing, if and when they can get in to the cinema-houses being adapted for its special presentation, beginning with the Astoria at St. Giles's Circus. (Incidentally, many a Londoner who has circumnavigated the globe—and many a one who hasn't—is unaware that the big and busy crossroads formed by Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross Road is correctly called St. Giles's Circus. But let that pass.)

Since the civilised world is already ringing with the virtues of this film, it should be a refreshing change to make a short list of the things that are wrong with it. It is far and away too loud and too brassy, especially in the matter of the amplification of the music, which seems to consist solely of "Rule Britannia" interrupted now and again by various little popular songs and dances of the 'seventies and 'eighties, when the Jules Verne book was a best-seller. I have a very great affection for "Rule Britannia." Indeed, for many years I used to boast that my flat in Covent Garden was practically on the site of the house where Dr. Arne almost certainly composed "The Masque of Alfred" which contains this stirring ditty, and which, wedded to James Thomson's lyric, has been described by Southey as "the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power." So it is perhaps quite wrong of me to object to hearing "Rule Britannia" every time that true Englishman, Phileas Fogg, the hero of this film and the layer of the wager which starts it all, makes each one of his countless entrances. After all, it does not recur more than a dozen times too often to make its satiric point.

Much graver is the fault which allows Fogg's valet, Passepartout, to wear the same shabby, patched trousers and tight little coat throughout. There is no warranty for this in the book itself. Fogg is a rich and well-dressed English gentleman;

throughout—which is not at all characteristic of him, and is even less characteristic of his liberal and dressy master. Surely those were days when one might gauge a person's standing by the style of his servants?

A third considerable and pervading fault is that the actual circumnavigation is not excitingly

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CANTINFLAS AS PASSEPARTOUT, PHILEAS FOGG'S VALET, IN MICHAEL TODD'S FILM VERSION OF JULES VERNE'S "AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "This new comedian, Cantinflas, is an old favourite in his native Mexico and, they say, throughout Spanish-speaking South America. He has a strong look of Buster Keaton, the trick of Charlie Chaplin's sudden ravishing smile, and a touching poodle-like melancholy all his own. His Passepartout in the already famous film of Jules Verne's novel is the perfect foil to David Niven's unexcitable English traveller—the valet being mercurial, nimble, easily lost, far too easily led astray by an ogle or an ankle, and in all ways excitable. Once his English has been strengthened and clarified it is hard to see how Cantinflas will be able to resist Hollywood. He is irresistible to us already."

enough described. There should be charts, tables, maps, to show us far more clearly where Fogg gained time and where he lost it. The whole scheme of the story is that of a race with time, and Mr. Todd—and his brilliant director, Michael Anderson—tends far too often to go sight-seeing and to forget all about the race. Hence there is the Spanish episode complete with bullfight—which does not come into the book at all. This is a magnificently thrilling episode. It gives us Jose Greco dancing the Zapateado, and it reveals the unbelievably proud and handsome Dominguin all but killing a bull which, in turn, all but kills Passepartout. But this episode does linger and get in the way of the journey and the wager.

The actual journey—categorically stated in the book—took in Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool—and this is the route, apart from the Spanish interlude, which

the film faithfully and picturesquely follows. It has incidental pleasures beyond count—the monitory index-finger of Noel Coward as an employment-agent, Marlene Dietrich as an imperturbable saloon-hostess on the Barbary Coast—and periodical flash-backs of a galaxy of old bores waiting for news at the Reform Club (Basil Sydney and Ronald Squire, Trevor Howard and Robert Morley, Finlay Currie and A. E. Matthews). And it has its two chief regular and consistent players in David Niven's Fogg (though too well-dressed) and Cantinflas's Passepartout (though too ill-dressed). This little Mexican is a joy, and Mr. Niven's forbearing eyebrows perfectly express a sentence of Jules Verne: "As to seeing the town he did not even think of it, being of that race of Englishmen who have their servants visit the countries they pass through." This Fogg consents to be present in a balloon, at a festa, at a Japanese music-hall, in a Wild West saloon, at a meeting with friendly Red Indians, or at an encounter with unfriendly ones. But this Passepartout revels and participates. The master keeps his English distance. The valet joins in with Gallic fervour.

Almost anything else happening in the cinema in the same week is almost bound to be dwarfed. "The Shiralee" is chiefly interesting because it takes us to unfamiliar Australia. It gives us the morose adventures of a swagman who has taken his little daughter away from the care of his faithless wife. Peter Finch as the hero and Dana Wilson as the ugly but spirited infant force us to maintain an interest in the desultory story. But "The Shiralee" has none of the charm of "Smiley." On the other hand, "Miracle in Soho" stays at home—if Soho can be called home—and gives us the morose adventures of an amorous roadmender who finds true love at last in persuading a beautiful Italian girl—Belinda Lee—not to emigrate to Canada. John Gregson gives an assured performance as the man with the pom-pom—i.e., road-drill. But the complex atmosphere of Soho somehow eludes this film entirely.



"MICHAEL TODD'S UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RESUSCITATION OF JULES VERNE": "AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS"—A SCENE ON A JUNK IN HONG KONG WITH (L. TO R.) PHILEAS FOGG (DAVID NIVEN), THE CAPTAIN (WARNER LEVY) AND AUODA (SHIRLEY MACLAINE). (LONDON PREMIERE: ASTORIA CINEMA, JULY 2.)

indeed, he *lives* in Savile Row in a house that once was Sheridan's. Would not he buy a new outfit for his valet in Paris at the start of his journey, especially since it is evident that he adds considerably to his own travelling wardrobe? In London, it is true, the departure is hurried. Fogg says to his valet in the book: "No trunks necessary. Only a carpet-bag. In it two woollen shirts and three pairs of stockings. The same for you. We will purchase on the way." But in the film the carpet-bag contains only masses of bank-notes—and a pair of shirts for the master! The rest of Fogg's multi-varied wardrobe appears miraculously *en route*. But Passepartout stays seedy and shabby and patched



"CHIEFLY INTERESTING BECAUSE IT TAKES US TO UNFAMILIAR AUSTRALIA": THE MICHAEL BALCON-EALING FILMS PRODUCTION OF "THE SHIRALEE"—THE SWAGMAN MACAULEY (PETER FINCH) AND HIS "UGLY BUT SPIRITED" LITTLE DAUGHTER BUSTER (DANA WILSON) ON A LONG AND WEARY TREK. (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 11.)

Reverting—as one must inevitably—to the Todd-Anderson-Verne *magnum opus*, readers of this publication may like to note that Jules Verne tells us of Fogg at the outset that "a few bold spirits, principally ladies, were in favour of him, especially after *The Illustrated London News* had published his picture." Much later, too, he tells us that at Hong Kong, "Fogg was absorbed all the evening in reading *The Times* and *The Illustrated London News*." It is some indication of the utter disinterestedness of my criticism that, despite the heinous omission of both these episodes from the film, I can, nevertheless, bring myself to describe it as three-and-a-half glad hours—and it seems barely three hours—of supreme travelling excitement and delight.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"SOMETHING OF VALUE" (Generally Released; July 15).—This is a conscientious handling of the colour problem in Africa which implies, and even declares, that the White Man is that Continent's most dangerous wild animal.

"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" (Generally Released; July 22).—Barrie's famous play loses half its point but not all of its charm in this rehandling. It has Kenneth More, far from perfectly cast, as the perfect butler who reverses the classes when shipwrecked with his employers on a desert island.





ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE TRINITY APPEARING TO ST. CLEMENT," A NEWLY-IDENTIFIED SKETCH BY THE GREAT VENETIAN ARTIST, GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1770).

With the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, the National Gallery has purchased this painting by G. B. Tiepolo, which is now exhibited in Room XV with other works of the eighteenth-century Venetian School. This canvas is evidently the *modello*, for a large altar-piece painted by Tiepolo for Schloss Nymphenburg, and is believed to show the Trinity appearing to St. Clement. The altar-piece was hung for many years in a chapel at Nymphenburg, where it probably arrived in about 1739, but is now on exhibition at the reopened

Alte Pinakothek at Munich. This *modello*, which has not previously been recognised as such, has recently emerged from a private collection in New York, and its acquisition by the National Gallery makes an important addition to the collection of Venetian paintings. It is a brilliantly coloured and elaborately composed example of Tiepolo's style in the 1730's, and, considerably more finished than his sketches usually are, it is an outstanding example of Tiepolo's dramatic and decorative gifts. (Oil on canvas: 28 by 22 ins.)



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## THE LONG AND THE SHORT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

DRAMATISTS will never know—or, maybe, knowing, they do not care—what disappointment grips me when I open a programme and find that an evening is to be conducted by three actors. They may be the best in the world for tragical-comical-historical-pastoral. The bare fact is that the dramatist will have to toil fiercely to keep the play going, round and round, or (for a change) round and round, in, no doubt, a single scene.

I felt the usual things about Claude Magnier, the French author, and Robin Maugham (who has made the English version), when "Odd Man In," at the St. Martin's, offered three characters, spaced widely on the page. Then, for a moment my heart lightened. The set, it appeared, would be "a small cottage in an unspoilt part of Kent, near Romney Marsh." Back I went to Russell Thorndike's grand melodrama, "Doctor Syn," which, long ago, filled its programme with characters and had me sitting forward in uncritical excitement. Syn was the parson-pirate of Dymchurch-under-the-Wall: I have rarely known a melodrama of happier make-belief.

Yes; but schoolboy memories flaked away in a few seconds. At the St. Martin's, Dymchurch-under-the-Wall would be in the play only as a town with a garage and a bus service. It was foolish to have expected anything else from a light comedy that was never quite certain whether it was a farce. It might have carried the farcical guns if it had had a few more people in it. As it was, the play proper stopped at the end of the first act. There were two acts to come, but these could be sustained only by the craft of the players, with occasional help from Mr. Maugham. It was the old story: economy smothering itself: a dramatist lavishing his technique on a plot that would have come better to the stage had it been worked out more abundantly.

Even so, I enjoyed the first act. There we saw Donald Sinden and Muriel Pavlow curled side by side on a cottage bed, neither conscious of the other's presence. Enter, then, Derek Farr as an outraged husband. The old triangle? Hardly. Miss Pavlow and Mr. Sinden had each taken a sleeping-draught so that the usual accusations, the usual alarums, sallies, and retirements of triangle-comedy were played out, for at least one act, in a state of blissful drowsiness. This had an idiocy that beguiled. As a curtain-raiser, splendid; but to-day, it seems, there are no such things: Miss Pavlow, Mr. Sinden, and Mr. Farr would have to battle on for two further acts.

They battled well, though the authors had wilted. We were less conscious than we might have been of the wilting, for M. Magnier (or could it have been Mr. Maugham) managed, fairly often, to lull us. I remembered the often-cut Shakespearean courtier of Bohemian, Archidamus, who observes: "We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us."

At the same time, we can praise the company, and especially Mr. Sinden. It is good to know that he is not for ever cinema-bound. Eleven years ago he and John Harrison, as the two young British princes, spoke the "Fidele" dirge in "Cymbeline" with a beauty I cannot hope to hear matched. At the St. Martin's he is simply a bold week-end intruder, a philandering mortician: he acts with an enjoyably free sense of comedy. A mild little piece, but I do not think it should be treated with too lofty scorn.

The late Michael Clayton Hutton's amiable "Silver Wedding," at the Cambridge, has a fair cast-list, but it is almost a single-part play in the sense that we may remember one character above the rest. This is the former Gaiety girl, a part that Marie Löhr acts with a rich contralto relish. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton are perfectly in key as a couple whose matrimonial troubles (pre-silver-wedding) form the pith of the plot. Still, Miss Löhr is the dominating decoration, and we must be grateful for the velvety boom with which she summons the figures of her Edwardian youth—

Henry Arthur Jones, Barrie, and the rest—or enunciates such a line as "Tangier! Horrid place! Like Colwyn Bay—with Arabs!"

John Hall's "The Lizard on the Rock" (Birmingham Repertory), a far more considerable play than either of these, has the right length of cast (nine) and two sets, managed finely by Finlay James, in the hot glitter of West Australia. The piece, a mixture of prose and verse, shows how in crisis the commanding Senator Lockhart, a small Napoleon of the desert, has suddenly to acquire self-knowledge and self-reliance. It is intellectual melodrama, unrelentingly atmospheric. The author, who shirks nothing, has even included an apparition. An expert geologist who has meant so much to the Rockhart project, is dead, but his spirit walks, and in the hour of crisis the Senator sees him and hears an adjuration in Eliotesque rhythms.

Mr. Hall takes his time to say what he intends to say. He is a dramatist who will not use short cuts. From the tic-tac of "Odd Man In" to the resolute drama of "The Lizard on the Rock" is a journey that might dismay any unprepared playgoer. He would (I must add) find a first-rate production at Birmingham—it is Douglas Seale's—and acting of quality by such players as Redmond Phillips, Albert Finney, and Kenneth Mackintosh.

I suggest that, to baffle our playgoer still further, he might be sent across to "Maria Marten," performed barnstormer-fashion in a fair-ground tent at Frankwell, Shrewsbury, as part of the Shrewsbury Festival. Here the unnamed author put everything in, using a long cast, and carefully sandwiching slices of melodrama—ghosts as well—with slabs of the most tedious comedy. If Tim Bobbin and his girl had had any more scenes of rich fun I might have yelled at the top of my voice. Fortunately, when one was at breaking-point, William Corder would grit his teeth, or the gipsy would exclaim "Step by Step," or a ghost would turn up accusingly. Eric Salmon's production was complete, though the caprices of melodrama could be too much for his players.

I was happier with the after-piece, Shaw's snippet, "Passion, Poison, and Petrification." Laughter from that Theatrical Garden Party of fifty years ago seemed to echo in the Frankwell tent as all the projects gathered to a head, and the living statue of the unhappy lover, filled with the melted plaster of Lady Magnesia's bust, was hoisted to the tune of "Bill Bailey." (Not an easy plot to summarise.) It was a pleasure to watch Janet Salmon's calm and George Hagan's nervous flutterings; and the director had not forgotten the famous stage direction about the entry of a thunderbolt that disposes of constable, doctor, and landlord, in that order.

They know all about thunderbolts and cloud-bursts at Shrewsbury. One afternoon a performance of "King Henry the Fourth, Part One," a potentially exciting production before the walls of Shrewsbury Castle, had to be abandoned at half-time in a steady drench of rain. It was most unfortunate, because the great play was being directed (and acted by a mixed professional-amateur cast) with real vigour and address. I shall not forget the first appearance of George Hagan's King on the steps (and in the flood). For even this fine actor it was a fantastic leap from Henry the Fourth before the Castle to George Fitz-Tollemache in the Frankwell tent. The long and the short of it indeed.



A PIQUANT SCENE IN "ODD MAN IN" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: SINCE THE HUSBAND WON'T SHOOT THE WIFE'S "LOVER," THE WIFE, WITH A STRONG FEELING FOR THE RIGHT THING, ATTEMPTS TO DO IT FOR HIM.

The scene in a cottage near Romney shows Jane Maxwell (Muriel Pavlow) with the gun while her supposed lover Mervyn Browne (Donald Sinden; left) and her husband, George Maxwell (Derek Farr), attempt to take cover. There is, of course, trouble with the safety catch.



BELATEDLY THE HUSBAND IN "ODD MAN IN" ATTEMPTS TO WOO HIS WIFE WITH FLOWERS FROM THEIR OWN GARDEN: DEREK FARR AND MURIEL PAVLOW, WHO ARE MARRIED BOTH IN REAL LIFE AND IN THE PLAY.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PURGATORY" and "HOW CAN WE SAVE FATHER?" (Devon Festival).—Yeats's short play and a new play by Oliver Wilkinson presented, in a double bill, by the English Stage Company at Barnstaple and Exeter. (July 22-27.)

VARIETY (London Hippodrome).—Shirley Bassey and others. (July 22.)



FROM MOUNTAINEERING TO MOTOR-RACING: A ROYAL VISIT AND OTHER EVENTS.



A NEW HOSTEL FOR CLIMBERS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: DR. T. B. PEARSON (RIGHT), R. C. BISHOP AUXILIARY TO THE BISHOP OF LANCASTER, WATCHING THE PROGRESS IN THE CONVERSION OF A FARMHOUSE ON BROAD CRAG, GREAT LANGDALE, INTO THE NEW PREMISES OF THE ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND, ON JULY 19: PRINCESS MARGARET WATCHING ONE OF THE PUPILS EXECUTING A GRAND JETE. THE SCHOOL MOVED INTO ITS NEW PREMISES AT RICHMOND LAST DECEMBER.



DURING A VISIT TO THE FISHBURN COLLIERY, ON JULY 19: THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. WHITNEY (LEFT), IN MINER'S CLOTHING. During his visit to the Durham Division of the National Coal Board, Mr. Whitney spent two-and-a-half hours underground at the Fishburn Colliery, near Sedgfield. Wearing a miner's helmet, Mr. Whitney descended by loco haulage.



EXCAVATORS OF MYCENÆ AT THE OPENING OF THE MYCENÆAN WING OF THE ATHENS NATIONAL MUSEUM: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PROFESSOR ALAN WACE AND PROFESSOR J. PAPADIMITRIOU. The Mycenæan Wing of the National Museum of Athens has been enlarged and reformed and was opened by the Minister of Education. Present at this occasion were the two famous Mycenæ excavators of modern times, both well-known contributors to *The Illustrated London News*, Professor Wace and Professor Papadimitriou.



AT A CONCERT TO MARK THE BEGINNING OF THE BUILDING OF THE MERMAID THEATRE: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON CARRYING A "LIVE MERMAID." On July 19 the Mermaid Theatre Trustees held a concert on the site to mark the launching of their building programme near Blackfriars Bridge; and a "live mermaid," six-year-old Nicola Whiting, was "discovered" on the embankment.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW ASHFORD BY-PASS, KENT: VETERAN CARS PARADING ALONG THE DUAL CARRIAGE-WAY. On July 19 the Minister of Transport, Mr. Watkinson, opened the new by-pass at Ashford, Kent. The new road is two-and-a-half miles long and has dual carriage-ways. Veteran cars paraded past a dais after the opening.



AFTER WINNING A THRILLING EUROPEAN GRAND PRIX AT AINTREE IN THEIR VANWALL: STIRLING MOSS AND TONY BROOKS WITH THE CUP. The European and British Grand Prix, held on the 3-mile road circuit at Aintree on July 20, was won by Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks in a Vanwall car. It was the first time since 1923 that a British car had won a major Grand Prix in the Championship series.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is rash and tricky to decide in advance what will make a good novel; but when something is beautifully done yet vaguely inadequate, one may suspect it was a wrong thing to do. "Angel," by Elizabeth Taylor (Peter Davies; 15s.), struck me as a case in point. Here we have the progress of an Edwardian tosh-novelist of the highest flight—Marie Corelli with a dash of Ouida, or *vice versa*—from début to grave. The heroine—to herself she is not merely a genius, but pre-eminently the heroine as genius—starts with the asset of a romantic name: Angelica, or Angel Deverell. And that, from her point of view, is the only correct feature of her childhood; everything else is an infliction. For she saw the light, not in a stately home, but in a back street of hideous, provincial Norley. Her mother keeps a small grocer's shop. Her aunt Lottie is a lady's-maid. Angel goes to a dreary little school, of which her elders are enormously proud, since it is not the board-school. She has no talents, no taste for books, because "they don't seem to be about her," no friends, because "most people seem unreal to her." Though vain of her unusual appearance, she is aquiline and toothy, and will be no beauty. Such is the truth; and to her passionate, craving self-regard it is all intolerably false—she can't live with it.

Her first flight of imagination is to Paradise House, the home of Aunt Lottie's adored "Madam." Only it gets bigger and better every day. It is *her* property, though her mother has been expelled for a misalliance. And she makes the mistake of describing it, in instalments, to a couple of smaller girls. Finally they blab—and the real world becomes not simply meagre but uninhabitable. She will never, in her humiliation, go back to school, and can hardly conceive how to go on living. It is at this point that she learns to mew herself up, and confide her daydreams to an exercise-book.

And in a sense that is the whole story. Angel has her grotesque triumph on the spot and, psychologically, never looks back. The grocer's shop vanishes under layer on layer of fantastic improvisation. Not only wealth and fame, but birth, beauty, genius, love and connubial bliss—they are all added to her, and she enjoys them to her last gasp, as an impoverished, forgotten eccentric in another age. This heroine never develops, she has no contacts, nothing can *really* happen to her. Nor, except in the wonderful aura of decay, can one even like her. She can only be exhibited: with such art that it is nearly enough.

## OTHER FICTION.

"A Small Fire," by Gladys Schmitt (W. H. Allen; 15s.), likewise has an "aesthetic" theme; the background is an American college of Fine Arts, the narrator a singing teacher. But here nothing is, or aspires to be, top flight—except some of the students, naturally. The college itself is mediocre. Frieda had a modest gift, a brief concert career in New York; but her voice was deteriorating even before her mother's health forced her to give up. Now, at thirty-six, she is alone, quite reconciled to her lot, but rather lonely; while the college, or at least the music school, is in tumult over a new professor of piano named Arthur Sanes. This newcomer has made some recordings, given a few concerts; he has a European, metropolitan aura, dresses pitilessly well and clearly despises the whole set-up. With pupils, he has a freezing technique of disgust and sarcasm; and he is worst to the overstrung, recklessly aspiring Cathie, who regards him as an oracle.

This is a love-story; but, above all, it is a story of ambition crossed. I can't judge the musical side. The narrative aims at a weight and distinction rather beyond its means. But it is warm, gripping and consistent; it builds up to a full-scale, very dramatic climax—and the right one.

"The Friends," by Godfrey Smith (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is so far from laboured that it contrives, with great smoothness and an ingenuity of flashbacks, to drop the subject. This would have been somewhat heavy, since it would embrace the public career of at least one of five undergraduates fancied by their tutor as potential statesmen. Only two have remained in politics: Richard Skeynne, the likable and born stopgap, and Lewis Carne, the "wild man." The other three have become respectively a debauched poet, a television idol and a tycoon. And now Skeynne must decide whether to go on and be a stopgap, or to renounce "the glare and the guilt" by eloping with an un-American American girl. The tale is highly sophisticated and readable.

"Gownsmen's Gallows," by Katharine Farrer (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is an Oxford-produced thriller with an Oxford opening. A corpse lying in a residential but lonely street in the dark is run over by an undergraduate, and spirited away by his ex-Commando big brother. Inspector Ringwood—or, rather, his bloodhound, the most engaging character in the book—proves it to have been a French student named Despuys. And so we find ourselves in Pontchâtelet, among French policemen, ex-Resistance, and other members of the underworld, and Resistance clues. Well documented; very intelligent and lively.

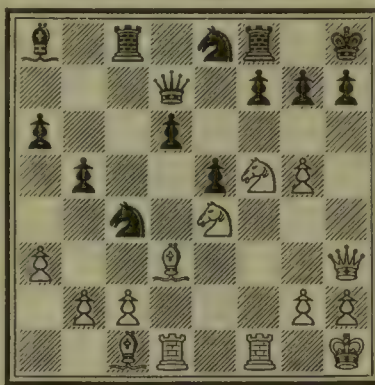
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SOME splendid chess is being played east of the Iron Curtain. Take your choice between explaining it as evidence of the general high level of culture, or of the value of chess as a sweet nepenthe for drowning one's worldly miseries; but you certainly can't gainsay the facts.

Look at these two lovely finishes, played out there within a week of each other. In this, White could perhaps have won sedately, but he does it how prettily!

KOLAROV, Bulgaria, Black.



DRIMER, Rumania, White.

1. P-Kt6! Kt-B3

1... RP×P would be illegal, of course.

1... BP×P would have been answered by 2. Kt-K7! and if 2... Q×Kt (the natural reply to the threats of 3. Q×Q or 3. R×R *mate* or 3. Kt×KtPch, etc.), then 3. R×Rch, Q×R; 4. Q×R...

2. B-R6! BP×P

Or 2... P×B; 3. P-Kt7ch, etc.

Or 2... Kt-Kr; 3. B×Pch and *mate* next move.

3. B×Pch K-Kt1

4. B×Kt P×Kt

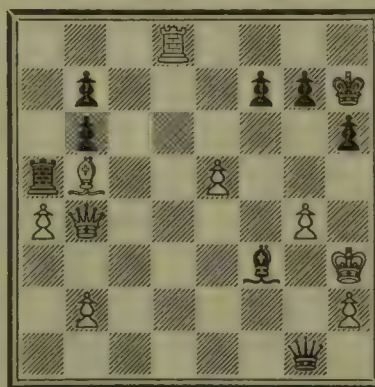
White threatened 5. Kt-R6ch and 6. Q×Q.

5. Q-Kt3ch K-B2

6. R×P! Q×R

7. Q-Kt7ch Resigns

TOMOVIC, Yugoslavia, Black.



FORINTOS, Hungary, White.

Would you suspect here a forced *mate* in seven? Would one (just as well, for he had to *mate* or be *mated*).

1. B-Q3ch P-Kt3

2. R-KR8ch! K×R

3. Q-B8ch K-R2

4. Q×BPch K-R1

5. Q-B8ch K-R2

6. B×Pch K×B

7. Q-KKt8 *mate*.

## ARCHÆOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS; PERSIA, TIBET AND ANTARCTICA.

PROFESSOR CARLETON S. COON, whose writings on archæology must already be familiar to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, calls his latest book, "Seven Caves" (Cape; 28s.), an "experiment in archæological writing." He resents the fact that the ponderous language of learned archæologists prevents the ordinary reader from being let into the fascinating secrets of his favourite hobby. He is therefore endeavouring, without "popularising" (in the journalistic sense), to present those secrets in terms which the ordinary intelligent layman can understand. "Part of the experiment," he writes, "the plain English part, is to do away with the technical terms which have tied Stone Age archæology down flat on its back like the cords that bound Gulliver in Lilliput. Words like Mousterian and Aurignacian, which we see every day in archæological writing, are tyrants with long moustaches. When the Russians announce that they have found Aurignacian flints in Siberia, the chances are that their finds bear no more relationship to those of Aurignac in France than Koniak does to Cognac. Yet, the readers of the announcement, including some professionals, find themselves steered by this verbal tyranny into stereotyped channels of thought."

Having decided on this method, Professor Coon sets out to discover for us, from the floors of the caves in which our ancestors lived for about 100,000 years (until that remarkably recent era in time, about 7000 to 8000 years ago), whence modern man came. He sets out to answer the question—from a study of the bones and the flints on the floors of the caves he investigates—of how it was that Stone Age man, man the hunter, came to survive, and, indeed, thrive in the periods of great cold in Europe. Mr. Coon's caves are to be found (if one excepts those near Tangier) mainly in the Middle East. For it is in that remarkable region that man developed civilisation—turned himself from a hunter, pure and simple, and discovered agriculture, animal husbandry, pottery-making and, later, the greatest discovery of all, writing. Although Professor Coon modestly disclaims being an archæologist by profession, being "a physical anthropologist seeking human bones in flint-strewn caves," he protests too much. His reconstruction of the past is as learned as its presentation is light. He says that he has learned "a little" about flints—and his interpretation of flint weapons and implements would arouse envy in those who claim to be specialists in that field. But it is in his description of the actual diggings, in his capacity to communicate the excitement of coming across, here a handaxe, there the skeletons of a couple of Stone Age women warming themselves over a small fire and being killed on an instant by the same type of rockfall which menaced the modern cave diggers more than once, that the interest of the book and the quality of Professor Coon as a writer lie. As a writer he has the precious gift of sympathy (which was first demonstrated to me a quarter of a century ago in his sensitive novel "The Riffian"), and the no less precious gift of humour. The difficulty of keeping together a digging team of many races and very widely differing degrees of intelligence, in a far-off country, and beset with local feuds and ever-present officialdom, are vividly but charmingly told. I, who hope to be making, within a few days, a first visit to the famous caves of Southern France and Northern Spain, will be thinking gratefully of Professor Coon and his most pleasing book.

Mr. Laurence Lockhart, a Cambridge Don and a Persian expert, with an inspired photographer, Mr. A. Costa, have combined to produce a remarkable book "Persia" (Thames and Hudson; 50s.). Mr. Lockhart provides us with a verbal picture—satisfactory to layman and expert alike—of the history, the politics, the climate and the topography of a country which it is my ambition to revisit. He does this in an admirable introduction and in the detailed notes which accompany each one of Mr. Costa's hundred no less admirable photographs. When I write "accompany," I touch on the one faint irritant with regard to the book. Perhaps the exigencies of the printer's or bookbinder's craft make it inevitable, but the segregation of photographs and text involves a constant turning back of many pages to find out what "Plate number so-and-so" is all about. But this is my one personal

(and probably unreasonable) criticism of this book.

I am not sure that Tibet, except for its mountains, really captures my imagination. Rancid butter and brick tea; yaks, lamas, and now Chinese Communists! H'm. . . . But if anything could reconcile me to this lofty land it is "Tibet"; with photographs and text by Pietro Francesco Mele (Allen and Unwin; 30s.). The young author is equally skilful with pen and with lens, and the result is an interesting and beautifully-presented book.

I must warmly, if briefly, recommend "Expedition South" (Evans; 18s.), by W. Ellery Anderson, M.B.E., M.C. This expedition, led by an Army officer of considerable gallantry, was the 1954 expedition to the Falkland Islands Dependencies in Antarctica. Major Anderson writes well and vividly, and his explanation of international political rivalries in that area is clear and absorbing.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.





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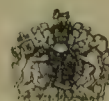
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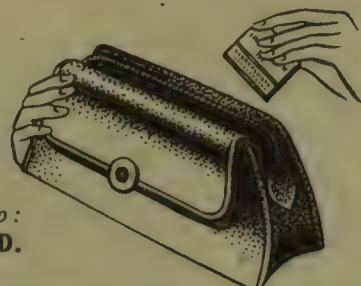
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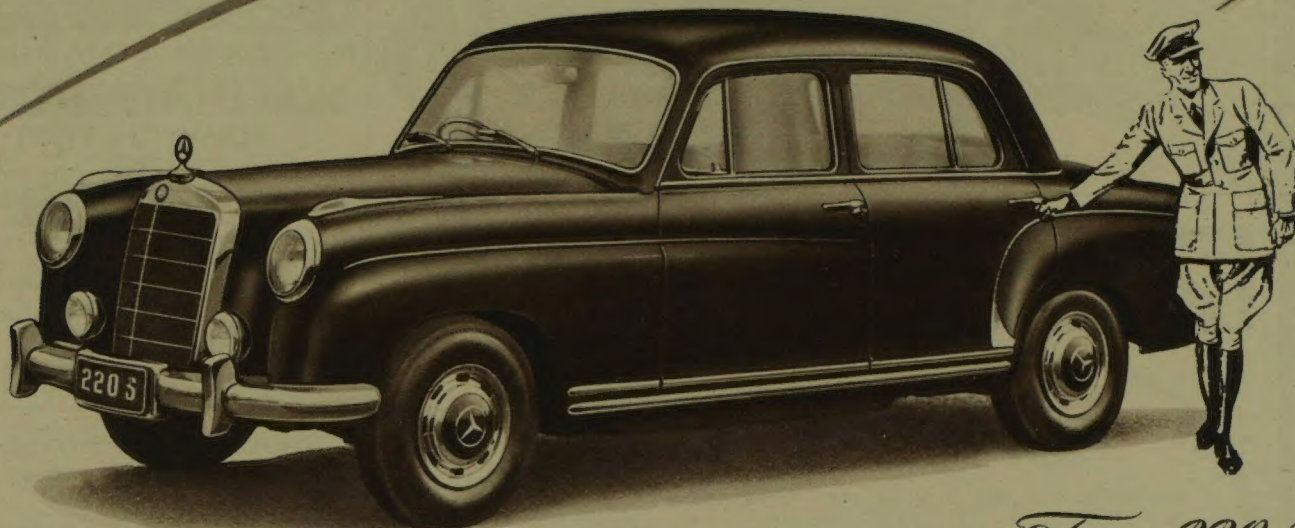


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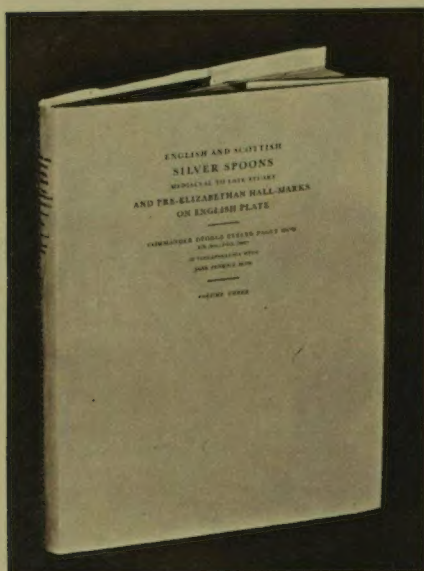
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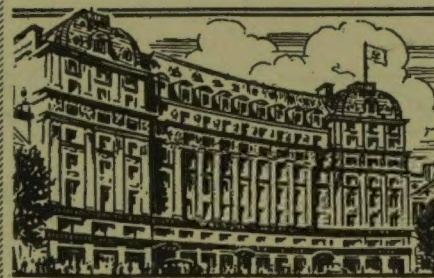
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